

The Nation.

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The Week.

ALMOST every governor of a loyal State whose message to the Legislature has thus far appeared, has favored a change in the basis of national representation from population to the number of legal voters. Governor Andrew, in his very fresh and original argument for reconstruction embodied in his valedictory last Thursday, takes ground against it. He holds that it would be to surrender our right to urge the voluntary enfranchisement of the blacks upon the white men of the South. Nor does he believe that the monopolists would prefer a larger representation for the State to complete control of the little that they have. Meanwhile the freedman would be an anomalous encumbrance, being in the community, but not of it. He would be in the way of white immigration, which would increase the political power of the State. Hence the present animosity against him is likely to be deepened, and his sufferings to be indefinitely prolonged. This view, it seems to us, is sound, and ought to be regarded. The proposed measure may be a clever political expedient for the present emergency, but it lacks the foresight of statesmanship, and does not deserve a place in the Constitution.

PROVOST-MARSHAL GENERAL FRY has furnished Congress with certain tables, in which he undertakes to show the number of men enlisted from each State under the several calls of the President. His figures are of little value. The absolute number is not known, nor will it ever be. The various terms of service allowed of re-enlistments to an indefinite extent, and no pains were taken to distinguish on the records the raw recruits from old campaigners. Neither is it possible to credit every State exactly with the total of her proper citizens who entered the army, owing to the latitude with which regiments were filled from any quarter of the country. Bounty-jumpers and deserters add to the confusion. In the latter months of recruiting, when money took the place of enthusiasm, one out of every three enrolled, in some places, cheated those who hired him, and escaped with his plunder. Between seven and eight hundred million dollars were expended in bounties by states, counties, cities, etc., and it is seriously proposed that the nation shall adopt this indebtedness. It would be a singular piece of economy in the Government to add to its present load of three thousand millions another thousand, incurred in avoiding the draft which it lawfully imposed.

Few deaths of public men have been more sudden than that of Henry Winter Davis on Saturday week, and few have more to be regretted. He was of a very intense and resolute nature, well fitted to lead, but not always safe to follow. His successes while in Congress were brilliant, and generally by *coup de main*. He was the most devoted advocate of the Monroe Doctrine, and his views on reconstruction were no whit behind those of the foremost radical in Massachusetts. Differing from them as we did in some respects, we were glad to present them recently to the public through the columns of THE NATION, for they were those of an able, conscientious, patriotic man. They would, perhaps, have been little changed in expression if their author had foreseen that they were to be his last testament to the country, but they now have a value because of this fact which they did not have then.

THE message of Gov. Anderson, of Ohio, is chiefly remarkable for its onslaught upon the Monroe Doctrine. The governor objects to the retention of Ohio troops in service along the Rio Grande, now that the end of the war has been reached in the overthrow of the Confederacy. He has a very poor opinion of Mexico, and a very considerable respect for France; he thinks "Mr. Monroe was doubtless a very good, sensible, honest, old-fashioned sort of a President, according to the measure of his abilities;" while Washington was "the only really and truly grandly great man" that ever filled the same office. We are also told that "the age of American statesmanship has passed." There are worse historical and rhetorical mistakes than these. The authorship of the Monroe Doctrine is erroneously ascribed to Mr. Canning, and the argument against a war with France reposes on the assumption that the Doctrine binds us "to establish and usurp the office of a universal wet-nurse to all the orphan republics in the world." It is tolerably well understood that Mr. Monroe's intention was not republican propagandism, but resistance to despotic interference of the Old World with the New. It was a defensive policy, of which the motives were, nationally speaking, selfish and not philanthropic. Its strength consists not in any absurd notion of honor about standing by the declaration of a former President, but in the wisdom and logic of its conception. For all that, it is a grave matter to determine when attack is the best or the only defense, and the thoughtless will gain some instruction from Gov. Anderson's discussion.

MR. TIMOTHY DAVIS writes to us to say that if the "whitewash piece" (meaning our comments on Mr. Sumner's attack on the President) "cannot be washed or whitewashed so as to appear very different," he must give up reading THE NATION; which we consider an excellent illustration of the spirit in which large numbers of people read and think upon nearly all public questions. They not only do not want to hear, but carefully avoid hearing from any quarter, anything which does not exactly accord with their own previously formed opinions, and treat the expression of any such views in a newspaper for which they have subscribed as either a fraud or an insult. The state of mind into which men get by long persistence in this course, we consider most unfortunate, both in its influence on politics and on the national character; and one of the great objects of THE NATION is to do this very thing which Mr. Davis finds so objectionable—namely, to present him and others with the conclusions of writers whose first object in the composition of their articles is the expression of their honest thought, and not the concoction of doses to "suit" subscribers.

OUR readers will remember the surprise of the London *Spectator* at the pains our Southern correspondent has taken to describe the habits, manners, and scenery of the country through which he has been jour-

neying. The reason of Northern ignorance of the South, albeit a fragment of our common country, was in part the existence of slavery, and in part the vast extent of the region, with its comparatively few facilities for travel. How much we have to learn concerning other sections is shown in Mr. Bowles's account of his tour across the continent. The Mississippi River, even, has but just begun to be surveyed in an authentic manner. The Coast Survey improved the opportunities of the war to map about ninety miles of its course, from Cairo up to St. Mary's, and about forty-five miles above and below Vicksburg. The Tennessee River was mapped from its mouth to Muscle Shoals, and the lower Ohio from Paducah to Cairo.

A LARGE meeting was held on Saturday night at the Cooper Institute for the purpose of pressing the Monroe Doctrine on the attention of the Government—a very desirable thing to do, but one which needs to be done with great care. The pressure of public opinion is, in free countries, a most useful force; but then the Mexican question is in a stage when dexterity is of even more importance than strength. The meeting was in every way a most satisfactory one, or would have been, if Mr. Tomlinson had not allowed his rhetoric to run away with him, by prescribing for this republic the little job of preventing the establishment of monarchies on this continent under any circumstances. We should like to know what becomes of "the sovereignty of the people" if they may be restricted by foreign force to one form of government.

JEREMIAH QUINN, the clerk of the House of Delegates of the Irish Republic, has written a note to the daily papers which furnishes another striking indication of the scarcity of grammar amongst the Fenians. He says, "All reports appearing in the papers are not authorized by this Congress," meaning no reports, etc., are authorized by this Congress; and then gravely adds, "Nor will this House of Delegates recognize any such reports." We are informed, too, by one evidently sympathetic reporter, that the report of the Secretary of the Treasury was highly "sarcastic."

EDWARD B. KETCHUM was sentenced to the State Prison, last week, for four years and a half—an absurdly mild sentence compared either with the gravity of the offence he committed, or with those passed on criminals whose temptations were far less and ignorance far greater. The incident, however, would not be worthy of much notice, if it were not for the extraordinary motion made in arrest of judgment on behalf of persons whom Ketchum's evidence would save from considerable pecuniary loss. We are informed that an application for his pardon has been made, or is about to be made, on the same ground, the idea of its supporters evidently being that the public has no interest in his punishment whatever, and that if he can be made to save a few speculators a few thousands of dollars, all the ends of justice will be satisfied. We hope Governor Fenton will treat the petition, if it is ever offered to him, as it deserves; though the reasons he assigned for granting a commutation of punishment in a recent murder case indicate that he is in rather a bemuddled state of mind as to the nature of the pardoning power.

THE skating season has set in with all its rigor, the winter having tardily fulfilled its promise by giving us weather cold enough last week to freeze all the ponds in Central Park and out of it. As our friends the reporters have justly and gracefully said: "The ice-god's freezing kisses on those placid waters required to be frequent, and his embrace strong, to prison them up in their glassy bounds;" but the ice-god (whoever that deity is) having complied with these requirements, the sport of the skaters has begun. Naturally, there is burning of calcium lights, and on one of the ponds, near the Park, a band makes music to skate by until a late hour at night.

MR. INGERSOLL, of Illinois, has moved for a committee of enquiry, to find out whether any, and if so what, legislation is necessary to put down polygamy in Utah. Polygamy is, we believe, a common law offence, and if so, no legislation is necessary to warrant the prosecution

and punishment of persons guilty of it wherever United States courts sit and have jurisdiction. The toleration which has been extended to it in Utah has been a scandal to our civilization, as well as to our jurisprudence. It cannot be attacked too soon, and in fact there is every reason to believe that it is rather to our indifference than Mormon tenacity that it now owes its existence.

THE chief-engineer of the monitor *Monadnock* reports that she is a perfect success in every respect. She is seaworthy, as impregnable as any of her class, and leads them all in point of speed. Lately she visited Havana, but so complete is her ventilation that the thermometer never ranged above a hundred degrees, and generally averaged three or four below. Her constructor was Mr. Hanscom, whose resignation is said to be now in the hands of the Navy Department. It ought hardly to be accepted.

ON New Year's Day, for the first time in the history of the Government, colored citizens of Washington paid their respects to the President.

THE Southern golden age, having suffered a temporary eclipse by the cloud of war, seems to have dawned again upon Richmond. The editors of the *Examiner* and *Enquirer* met in the hall of the State capital, and arranged a little difficulty concerning the public printing by an appeal to their revolvers. Six shots were exchanged, and the tassel of the cane carried by the marble statue of Washington was shot off. Except this damage to the fine arts, there was no harm done.

SOME unscrupulous persons have been offering to collect the "extra bounty," amounting, as they say, to from two to three hundred dollars, for soldiers who enlisted in 1861 and 1862, and at all other times when only one hundred dollars were paid. Comptroller Broadhead warns soldiers who enlisted before June 25, 1863, not to part with their discharges under this delusion. Addition legislation is necessary before the payment of any extra bounty can be authorized. A petition to that effect is in circulation in this city; but to ask is one thing, and to receive, another.

THERE is the same dismal cutery about houses in Boston as in New York. The scarcity is great, and the ordinary law of supply and demand does not seem to work. We are surprised there has been as yet no outcry raised against the "speculators" for keeping the price of houses up. If there be any truth in some of the politico-economical disquisitions to which the public has been treated during the past year, the capitalists must have refrained from building houses during the past year from a malignant desire to see rents high. Possibly, however, the high price of materials and the prevailing uncertainty as to the future of the currency may have had something to do with it.

MR. ROMERO has called the attention of Mr. Seward to a decree issued by Maximilian, establishing a system of peonage in Mexico, as part of a scheme for inducing Southerners to migrate to that country. Mr. Seward has called the attention of the French Government to it. It does not differ in principle from the laws which are being passed in most of the States of this Union, lately in rebellion, for the government of the freedmen and the regulation of labor.

It is hard to surrender Mr. Ruskin to the company of Carlyle and Brougham, but his latest manifesto about Jamaica shakes our remaining respect for his moral vision. It is dreary enough to read the antitheses in which he pronounces happier the black slave in America, whose wife and children are torn from him, than the white Englishman who is prevented from marrying because he cannot support a wife. And there is something sadly ludicrous in his climax:

"Of all dishonorable and impious captivities of this age, the darkest was that of England to Russia, by which she was compelled to refuse to give Greece a king, when Greece besought one from her, and to permit that there should be set on the Acropolis throne no Governor

Eyre, nor anything like him, but such a shadow of a king as the black fates cast upon a nation for a curse, saying, 'Woe unto thee, O land! when thy king is a child.'

THE English papers are becoming quite philosophical over the progress of events in America. The *Pall Mall Gazette* reads many of the others a lecture for not seeing things as they are sooner. But this is hardly fair. The writers in the *Times* really said, in 1860, as true things about the state of affairs in America as they say in 1865. The blindness which followed was wilful.

THE disaffected portion of the French Canadians are, it seems, about to follow the example of the Fenians, and establish a "Canadian Republic" in the State of New York, making Elmira the capital. This plan of setting up people's own republics, monarchies, and so forth, in foreign countries, will hereafter rank, next after the representative system, as the greatest invention of the political art made in modern times. Until now persons whose country was pining under a foreign yoke, or suffering from the rule of a tyrant, had either to suffer on in silence or else commit themselves to the dark and dangerous ways of conspiracy or revolt. But hereafter all they will have to do, not only to procure relief from their sufferings, but to restore their nationality, will be to move to the United States, hire a house, hoist a flag, and buy an assortment of office furniture. It makes one very sad to think how many patriots during the last eighty years have gone down to the grave broken-hearted through ignorance of this simple and cheap device. At present it seems likely that the American people will shortly have an opportunity of studying all forms of government at their own doors. Unless we are greatly mistaken, the various ousted monarchs will not allow the republics to monopolize the advantages offered by this country, and we may expect to see the King of Naples, the young Duke of Modena, Henry V. of France, all living in palaces in Fifth Avenue, with Swiss guards at the door, and the whole machinery of their governments in full operation. And we take the liberty of saying that it will reflect little credit on the Orleans princes if they suffer this opportunity of restoring the throne of their father to escape them, as we believe several furnished houses with all the modern conveniences, and suitable for any form of government or size of nationality, are still to be had on application to Homer Morgan or any other prominent real-estate agent—rent, of course, payable quarterly, in advance.

THE last news from Jamaica proves the accuracy of the accounts which we published in the earlier numbers of THE NATION of the political condition of the island. The late massacre resolves itself more clearly, the more that is known of it, into an attempt on the part of an unscrupulous oligarchy to monopolize the government of the island in form as well as in fact, and make the bondage of the lower classes hopeless as well as grievous. The Home Government has now at last taken the island into its own hands, and the blacks will have a tribunal to appeal to over which religion and humanity still retain some control.

THE commercial treaty recently concluded between Austria and England will take effect on the 1st of January, 1867. The two powers agree to treat each other on the footing of the most favored nations, and the Austrian tariff is to be gradually modified according to the principles of the Anglo-French commercial treaty. It is supposed that the new treaty will give particular satisfaction in Hungary, where the ideas of free trade prevail, and where most of the Austrian wines are grown, which will now be introduced into England.

A MURDER inspired by religious scruples has lately taken place in Paris. The head cook of a restaurant, named Domec, was stabbed to the heart by one of his assistants, who immediately called the police and gave himself up, saying that he had no motive in killing Domec, but that he had long been haunted by a desire of suicide, and that he had done this murder that he might be condemned to death, and be brought to repentance. This circuitous route to a contrite spirit

will doubtless suggest the Chinese mode of roasting a pig by setting fire to a house in order to cook the suckling in the adjoining sty. The murderer of Domec was condemned to twenty years' imprisonment.

ALEXANDRE BIXIO, a well-known French statesman, is recently dead in his fifty-sixth year. He was a man of liberal views and strong character, and of such singularly good health that, until his last sickness, no malady had ever prostrated him, though he was obliged to keep his bed after receiving, in the June battles of 1848, a shot that entered his stomach and came out of his back.

LAMARTINE is again passing round the hat for help towards that "definitive settlement" which so persistently eludes the embarrassed poet. This time he attacks the subscribers to his *Journal pour Tous*; but there is no probability that it will be *une fois pour toutes*.

MADAME LOUISE COLET writes to the *Journal des Débats* rather more particulars concerning her troubles at Ischia than people generally will care to read. Madame Colet's trouble arose through the suspicion of the natives that she had brought cholera into their island by her love for poisoning. This was rather cruel to Madame Colet, for she was far more inclined to praise than poison Italians, and the worst thing she ever did was to write the silliest imaginable book in their honor, which was called "L'Italie des Italiens." She had come to live in Ischia because she adored the Italian character, and at the moment the mob summoned her to leave the island, she was writing verses in celebration of its beauty and her life there. Being a Frenchwoman and an authoress, she refused to stir, and was besieged in her house two days by the superstitious and furious populace, who threatened her life. At length succor arrived from Naples, but only to bring Madame Colet away from Ischia, where she could not be safe. How the suspicion against her arose is not known.

THE *Correspondencia* newspaper of Madrid declares that the Queen of Spain has no idea of asking the Cortes to take the oath of allegiance to the Prince of Asturias, with a view to possible abdication. Majesty in this case forms no exception to the rule by which office-holders are governed: "Few die and none resign."

THE trial of the brigand chief Ciardullo, and several members of his band, took place at Salerno, in Naples, on the 10th of November, and on the 12th the wretches were all shot. The testimony developed horrors of crimes not unfamiliar to those acquainted with the history of brigandage, but such as we hesitate to recount here. Some of the witnesses against the robbers were men who had once been their prisoners, and who exposed in court the mutilations they had suffered; cropped ears, amputated fingers, and the like. Three women appeared against the brigands, who had killed their sons by throwing them upon the ground and dancing upon their abdomens, till the entrails burst forth. Other witnesses had seen women ravished by the whole band of robbers, and then put to death. Ciardullo alone questioned the testimony against himself and his fellows, who remained perfectly mute and impassive in the midst of the furious people. According to the Italian military law against brigandage, the robbers were shot in the back.

CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 6, 1866.

THE thin aspect of both Houses of Congress yesterday gave token that the holidays are not yet fairly ended. Not more than seventy-five out of one hundred and eighty-two representatives, had returned to their legislative duties. After a brief session, rendered still briefer than customary by the inexorable Thaddeus Stevens, who holds the business of the House in the hollow of his hand, and who stopped the running fire of resolutions, bills, and motions by moving to go into Committee of the Whole, the House adjourned (as the Senate had already done) till Monday. No business, in fact, could have been done without a quorum.

There are some indications that the President is about to follow up the blow he has struck in behalf of a speedy restoration of the South by turning the powerful engine of federal patronage in the same direction. This would tend to complicate the issue, and some predict that

it would at once lower the tone of leading Congressmen were they to find their interests arrayed against their principles. But, however great the temptations of winning or keeping federal office for their political friends, there is little prospect of a majority being found fickle enough to surrender their deliberate convictions to such considerations as these.

It is very true that the President has the power to make a most sweeping and proscriptive attempt to overcome the opposition in Congress. He can begin by reconstructing his Cabinet to-morrow, and in a few weeks he could have all the offices under the Government, except the elective ones and those held during good behavior, filled by men of his own way of thinking. The only check upon this lies in the modicum of executive power confided to the Senate, of confirming or rejecting the appointees of the President. The patronage which is virtually at the disposal of the Executive is prodigious, and is far greater now than at any former period.

The Treasury Department is having much trouble in finding Southern revenue officers who can take the test oath of 1862. It appears from Secretary McCulloch's reply to Mr. Sumner's resolution of enquiry, that many of these offices are vacant, and that about fifty officers who have received their commissions have not taken the oath, or have subscribed to it with omissions or qualifications. No salaries, however, have been paid these recusants, except, inadvertently, in a single instance; and, indeed, the act expressly prohibits any such payment. The Secretary asks for an immediate modification of the act, so as to remove this disability, as he "has not supposed it would be the policy of Congress to subject the people of the South to the humiliation, or the revenue system to the odium, of employing Northern men to collect federal taxes in the Southern States." This presents an embarrassing question to the body which so recently voted, by an immense majority, that this obnoxious oath ought to be maintained in its full force. On the one hand, the difficulty of finding men of any standing in the South who have had no share in the rebellion to fill the various federal offices is insurmountable; on the other hand, the repeal of the law would render it extremely difficult so to discriminate as to avoid bestowing office upon the bitter enemies of the Government.

There is one aspect, the importance of which cannot be overrated, in which the speedy re-admission of the Southern States might have a disastrous result. It is the united testimony of observers and travelers in that region that the people everywhere are against any taxation for the payment of the Federal debt. Now it is neither very unnatural nor very wicked that these people, who have so lately been forced to succumb to a power they have been fighting against for four years, should object to being taxed to pay the cost of their own defeat. But, viewed as a practical matter, what would be the effect upon Government securities of the immediate admission to Congress of 58 Southern Representatives and 22 Senators, nearly all of whom could be counted on as determined repudiationists? It would hardly be a safe thing for the national credit to have such a body of men in Congress, reinforced, as they would probably be, by a considerable number of Northern men ready to go for at least qualified repudiation.

DIARY.

Friday, January 5, 1866.—In the Senate, Mr. Sumner presented petitions from colored citizens of Alabama and Mississippi, praying for protection and the right of suffrage. Also a petition from colored citizens of Colorado, remonstrating against the admission of that territory as a State with a constitution disfranchising negro men. All were referred. Mr. Lane presented resolutions of the Legislature of Indiana against foreign interference in Mexico. Referred. Mr. Sumner offered a bill to provide for the revision and consolidation of the Statutes of the United States into a single volume. Referred. Mr. Trumbull offered a bill to enlarge the powers of the Freedmen's Bureau, investing its officers with judicial functions in certain cases. Referred. Also, a bill to protect all persons in the United States in their civil rights [in pursuance of the second clause of the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery]. Referred. Mr. Sumner offered a proposed amendment to the Constitution, for the protection of the national debt and the rejection of the rebel debt. Referred. Also, a resolution enquiring of the President respecting Provisional Governors in the rebel States, their instructions, salaries, and oath of office; also, asking for copies of all communications to and from them, and of all constitutions, etc., purporting to have been adopted in such States. Passed. Adjourned to Monday, January 8.

In the House of Representatives, Mr. Ingersoll offered a resolution looking to further legislation for the suppression of polygamy in Utah. Referred. Resolutions were offered looking to the continuance of the Veteran Reserve Corps, and its attachment to the Freedmen's Bureau; also for the extension of the provisions of the Homestead Law to all the public lands in Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, Arkansas, and

Florida. Referred. Mr. Spalding, of Ohio, spoke in favor of universal suffrage, expressing confidence in the President, but regretting that he had dismissed his provisional governors without waiting for the action of Congress, and claiming for that body the sole power to admit new States into the Union, and to guarantee to them a republican form of government. Adjourned to January 8.

THE FREEDMEN.

GEN. GREGORY, just returned from a tour of seven hundred miles, most of which was performed on horseback, into the interior of Texas, reports as follows:

"I believe we have an abundant supply of subsistence to meet the demands of all, white and black, for the coming year. The cotton crop, although not probably more than half as large as it has been some previous years, was so well gathered, and demands such high prices, that it will bring more wealth into the State than any which has heretofore been thrown into the market.

"This has been accomplished principally by the labor of freedmen, and at a time, too, when under the excitement incident to their transition from bondage to freedom, and while they were more or less unsettled and undecided in their purposes. If such results have been produced by free labor, trammelled as it has been during the period of its inauguration by innumerable adverse interests and prejudices, may we not reasonably expect from it, when fully and thoroughly established, still greater and largely increased crops, and a corresponding increase in the wealth of the nation? Many schools have been opened in Texas, and they are all self-supporting. The health of the freedmen is generally good. There are no cases of small-pox reported.

"In some portions of the State, and especially is it the case where our troops have not been quartered, freedmen are restrained in their liberty, and slavery virtually exists the same as though the old system of oppression was still in force."

General Strong, Inspector-General, has newly arrived from Texas, and gives a deplorable account of the state of things in the interior. Armed men, wearing the late Confederate uniform, are wandering about the country, robbing and plundering. In a great majority of cases there is no change whatever in the condition of the negro from that before the war. The negroes do not understand their status, and their masters do not care to inform them. This, of course, is where our troops had not been stationed.

The attention of the Bureau has been called to the reports of outrages practised by the Indians upon the negroes formerly held as slaves by them in the Indian Territory. These reports are becoming numerous, and already Gen. Reynolds has sent a force of men to repress the violence complained of.

In Alabama it is estimated by the "Committee on Destitution and Supplies" of the State Legislature that there are 130,000 destitute persons amongst the whites alone. They are not fed by the Bureau. Gen. Swayne thinks a better feeling for the freedmen is taking root in many portions of the State. Some outrages are, however, committed in rare instances. He is seeking out the perpetrators, and will have them brought to justice if found. He says, "Christmas has passed without the slightest difficulty being reported so far."

Officers are now engaged in taking the census of the colored population of Washington.

Col. Brown's "Summary Report of Virginia" is a very clear statement of what has been done under his vigorous administration from June 15 to Dec. 1. Operations have been much embarrassed by the frequent changes of officers detailed to serve the Bureau, "few assistant superintendents having occupied their positions for three consecutive months." Full protection has been accorded to the freedmen, and "it is believed that there is not within the State a person who does not understand and successfully assert his rights to freedom." The irritation between whites and blacks has greatly abated, and instances of personal violence are becoming rare. The freedmen are laying aside their disposition to roam about and to seek the towns and camps. In South-eastern Virginia they have shown remarkably their capacity to take care of themselves. Out of 70,000 gathered there in extreme destitution, less than 4,500 are now receiving Government aid, and about one-half of these are soldiers' families. Comfortable homes have been rented and purchased, and about 5,000 children attend school, neatly clad, and owning their books.

Circular No. 22, issued by Gen. Howard Dec. 23, calls the attention of Assistant Commissioners to the evils complained of in General Grant's report of Dec. 18. The Bureau has never been made "inde-

pendent of the military establishment." On the contrary, the Commissioners must act in subordination to, and co-operation with, the Department commander, keep him supplied with such information as they possess, and obtain his formal approval, when possible, of all orders and circulars issued by them.

—Gen. Fisk issued, Dec. 26, an address to the freedmen of Kentucky, informing them of their emancipation under the Constitutional Amendment, and exhorting them to industry and sobriety, to make contracts if possible with their former masters, and to avoid flocking in to the cities. On the same day he issued a circular (No. 10) in which he formally extended the charge of the Bureau over the same persons, and invited the co-operation of the civil authorities and all good citizens in the work of re-adjustment. There has been trouble in Christian County, and Gen. Palmer ordered thither the 2d Battalion of the 2d U. S. I. The blacks, alarmed by the numerous deadly assaults upon them, have fled into Tennessee in great numbers.

—Gen. Gideon J. Pillow was among the earliest of the few Southerners who cheerfully met the Bureau half-way, and promised to support its measures for the welfare of the colored population. A letter which he wrote to Gen. Howard, Dec. 22, is worth reproducing entire:

"It affords me pleasure to inform you that I have been successful beyond my most sanguine expectations in engaging labor for all my plantations in Arkansas and Tennessee. I have already engaged about four hundred freedmen, and have full confidence in making a success of the work. I have given in all cases the freedman a part of the crop of cotton, and I allow him land for the cultivation of vegetables and corn for his own use, without charge therefor. I could have engaged one thousand laborers if I had needed that number. My brother, who adopted my plan of work, succeeded in engaging laborers for three places he is working. I have put one large plantation under white laborers from the North upon precisely the same terms I engaged freedmen. I feel anxious to try the system of white labor of that character for the plantation. Knowing the interest you feel in the success of the system of the freedmen, and feeling grateful for your kindness to me, I feel it to be a duty to communicate the result of my work thus far."

Gen. Fisk, in forwarding this letter, states that he has abundant testimony to the same effect from intelligent, wealthy planters who have ceased to kick against the pricks, and have undertaken to deal justly with their laborers.

Minor Topics.

In "Punch's Almanac" for the present year of grace a broken-hearted beauty with dark hair is represented as saying to her hair-dresser: "Oh, Mr. Irons, can nothing be done for my unfortunate black hair?" "Well," replies the artist to whom she appeals, "we might wash it red, miss, but what's the use of 'aving the c'rrect colored 'air, if you 'ave n't got the c'rrect horder of feature?" The idea is worth the consideration of American loveliness, to which the present Parisian passion for blonde hair has only come as yet in vague newspaper rumors, and has not taken any authentic shape here from fashion. Each lady who does not happen to have been blessed by nature with correct colored hair, should reflect seriously whether her face would go well with violet locks, and decide, before the mode reaches our shores, whether she shall take any measures to dye her tresses red, or boldly defy fashion, though, of course, we do not expect her in any case to do the latter, but do expect her to color her hair, whether it becomes her or not.

There is no doubt that yellow hair is very beautiful. All ladies who have it will agree with gentlemen whose wives and sweethearts are blondes, that it is infinitely lovelier than black hair, though THE NATION is not prepared to take this uncompromising ground. However, it is known that in all ages blue eyes and golden hair have been chosen by the arts to represent celestial beauty. The Greeks loved the violet hair which has saved so many sonnets from despair, and the sculptor Gibson, who loves the Greeks, stains the marble locks of his statues to that tender hue with such ravishing effect that to look upon his Hebe is to be taken with shortness of breath and palpitation of the heart, and the other symptoms of a disordered digestion. In the exquisite frescoes at Pompeii (about which a contributor has already told the readers of THE NATION something) the pretty goddesses and nymphs and heroines are all painted blondes; and in the Museo Borbonico, at

Naples, you may see in old fragments of sculpture how our classic friends used to stain the tresses of their statues yellow. Reviving art refused to color the statues, but we all know how the Italian masters painted the sweet Madonnas and charming Magdalenes with golden hair, until at Venice the ladies themselves took a hint from Titian, and invented a yellow hair-dye. At this period a lady, famed in the annals of love and passion, was famous also for the golden hair which nature (tender in Italy of lovers and poisoners) had given her. They keep some long strands of it in the Ambrosian Library, at Milan, where you may look at it, lying in a sunny coil across the page of an old misal, and figure to yourself what must have been the dangerous beauty of Lucretia Borgia.

The Venetian method of dyeing the hair yellow was simple enough, and has been many times described. The illustrissima of that day, when she would be blonde, dipped her hair in a certain solution, and combed it out carefully over the broad brim of a crownless straw hat, and then went to the roof of the palace at noon-day, and, removing the trap-door, sat there and broiled her delicate brain in a sun which knows how to shine with fervor. Repeating this expiation several days, her hair became of that rich ruddy yellow which we admire so much in the paintings of Titian and Paolo Veronese; no doubt the Bella of Titian herself, the fair Violante Palma, had been thus dyed and grilled before she sat to her father for Santa Barbara, and to her lover for his ideal of lovely woman. No doubt—

"But the certain solution—the certain solution! What was the solution in which the Venetians dipped their hair before broiling?" demands the multitudinous treble of the fair who hang upon these words, already resolved, if blonde hair becomes the mode, to undergo any degree of broiling to achieve it. And here, if we were cynical, we should refuse to tell; and if we were sensational, we should coolly write

"To be Continued."

and leave the whole subject to another week. But we are neither cynical nor sensational, and we have happily found in a French journal the recipe of the solution in question. Beauteous beings, desirous to have the heavenly-golden hair, must stoop to facts and apothecaries, and take three drachms of rock-alum, three of sandarac, one of saffron, four of madder, and two of grape-vine ashes. Let them then pulverize the ashes and the madder together, and boil them to one-half their bulk in water, and mix the residue with the alum, the sandarac, and saffron. The precious mixture must then be applied with a sponge, and when the hair is dried (in the Venetian manner), let it be washed with a decoction of trefoil, barley, cummin, and soap. So shall the most midnight beauty surprise the secret of the noon, and wean away the captive sunshine in her radiant locks.

In the age of its invention the mode of dyeing the hair yellow spread from Venice to Rome, to Naples, to Paris. Now it is revived in Paris, and its approach to these shores is as little to be doubted as that of the cholera itself. When it really comes to be the fashion, we should all adore it, as we should powder and patches if they became the mode again. We shall soon find something to admire in the artificial *blondissence* of the fair who have not the correct order of features for that style. Calm, sweet Dashinda, having availed herself of the secret revealed by a too-indulgent NATION, appears with violet tresses floating above her dark, dark eyes and jetty brows and lashes; shall we not be reminded of the like type of Irish-loveliness? And even if her sister, whose eyes tend in hue from

"Green to gray, from lively to severe,"

comes forth in yellow hair, we shall doubtless find something to praise in her resemblance to the Spanish blondes (who have likewise

"Los hermosos ojos verdes")

and to Becky Sharp.

But, while we have nothing to say against the yellow hair of art, we beseech the ladies not to suffer themselves to encourage a fashion which, it is said, a foolish hair-dresser has sought to introduce in New York, by striping the natural dark hair with locks of yellow, and blonde with locks of black. Better that all hair should be black for ever than that this grotesque fancy should prevail; for, as Mr. Browning says:

"Yellow or black may be better or worse
In the human head; but the mixture of each
Is a marvel and a curse."

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION should be addressed to the Editor.

OUR MINERAL RESOURCES AND TAXATION.

THE great development which has taken place in the mining industry of the country since the outbreak of the war, and the great influence which it is likely to exert, not only on our own trade but on the currency of the world, will make it a very prominent topic of discussion for some years to come. Its importance has been already recognized by Congress in the introduction of a bill for the establishment of a much-needed Mining Bureau, and by several of our principal colleges in the establishment of schools of mines, in which engineers can be trained in sufficient numbers to meet the probable wants of the great mining regions, without resorting to the European schools. And what is more, a very large portion of the public, including many who ought to know better, are flattering themselves that in some mysterious way, it has never been clearly explained what, the gold and silver mines of the West will largely help to pay off the national debt—that is, will do far more towards it than any other branch of the national industry.

But we cannot help thinking that it is now high time for everybody who desires to see our financial system placed on a permanent and sure basis, and regulated by clear and sound ideas, to do what he can to dissipate the current delusions as to the probable influence of our mines upon the national wealth. We shall not resort for this purpose to the historical argument, much warning of the most impressive kind as we might draw from it. It would be easy enough to make out a strong case against gold and silver mines, by calling attention to the fact that every country in which they have abounded, and which has relied much on them as sources of wealth, has eventually become impoverished both physically and morally. The economical facts now presented by our own experience are amply sufficient for our purpose. Our attention has been strongly called to them by the very clear and useful letter recently addressed to Mr. Bowles, of the *Springfield Republican*, by Mr. Ashburner, the mining engineer of the California State Geological Survey, and printed by the former as an appendix to the second edition of his book, as well as by the other facts bearing on this subject collected in the work itself. There is no question whatever—the figures leave room for none—in the minds of practical men familiar with the risks of mining enterprises, either here or in Europe, that the profits on the total amount of capital invested in mining are, to say the least, no greater than on capital invested in other branches of industry. Of the incorporated gold and silver mining companies whose central offices are in San Francisco, we believe that not one-tenth of one per cent. have ever paid a dividend from actual earnings, and at this time not two dozen of them are of sufficient promise to be ordinarily recognized in the Stock Exchange of that city. Of these the majority are based on the silver mines of Nevada Territory. The actual outlay upon several of the non-dividend paying mines has been from half a million upward. One, at least, has cost over two million dollars.

If it be asked how it happens that, under these circumstances, so much capital flows, year after year, into mines, the answer is simple enough. Great hits are sometimes made and enormous profits realized, and the effect produced on the popular imagination by these is, of course, far greater than that of three times the same number of failures. Few people hear anything of the mines which fail. The unlucky projectors generally keep the story of their misfortunes to themselves, while the fortunate ones are never weary of publishing the news of their success. It is not only pleasant to make money for the money's sake, but because it raises one's character for foresight and sagacity. So that it may be stated, as a fair deduction from the history of mining enterprises, that the aggregate wealth of the country has not, and is not likely to be, materially increased by them, although the quantity of the precious metals undoubtedly is increased—the larger portion of the labor and material invested in them being irretrievably lost. Those

who think silver and gold the principal and, in fact, only kind of wealth will probably not be affected by this argument, but to them we have here nothing to say. We, for our part, doubt very much whether either a gold or silver dollar is now added to the currency which does not cost the nation two or three dollars, though, of course, the individuals who dug it out may have made a profit on it. The country, in counting up its profits, however, has to take into consideration the labors of those who dig and find nothing, or too little to pay for their labor, as well as of those who dig and find much.

Out of the popular delusion on this subject has grown another, which might, at one time, when we were running up debt very fast, have proved very mischievous, but which, now that we are retrenching, may perhaps be somewhat less dangerous, though if our Southern brethren should, as seems not unlikely, take it into their heads to ask us to pay for all the damage done to their property during the war, and should receive the support of their Democratic allies at the North in doing so, it might be again revived for our confusion or ruin. We allude to the wide-spread reliance on the mines as a means of paying off the national debt. There could hardly be a better proof of the haze through which many sensible, and otherwise well-informed, men see questions of political economy, than the jubilation there has been in the press and on the platform over our mineral wealth as a means of discharging our national liabilities. We have seen elaborate calculations in print, from the pens of "statisticians," showing the probable yield of the Western mines in a certain number of years, from which, added to the total amount of the national wealth of other kinds, the total amount of the national debt was gravely deducted, and the very respectable balance joyously held up as proof of the folly of those who were troubled by the amount of our burthens.

Now, no kind of national wealth is of the slightest value for the discharge of public debts, unless there be some way of getting it into the public treasury. There are three ways by which the property of individuals can be transferred to the public treasury, and three ways only—lawful taxation, loans, and plunder. For the purpose of paying off our liabilities only the first of these, it will be generally admitted, is now open to us. Government can only get hold of the gold and silver of California, Nevada, and Colorado as it gets hold of other portions of the national wealth, by leasing the mines, working them itself, or lawfully taxing the earnings of others who do. Now, if it works them itself, it does so under the same conditions, or rather under worse conditions than private persons or companies. It would certainly work them more wastefully, and whether the aggregate profits of individuals engaged in this species of industry are greater than, or not so great as, those of persons engaged in others, we may be quite sure those of the Government would be very small, if there were any whatever. It might better attempt to raise revenue by farming or cattle-breeding or running railroads.

If, on the other hand, it relies on getting its share of the gold and silver by taxing the earnings of the miners, it must regulate its scale of taxation by the average rate of profit, or it will drive capital completely away. The element of uncertainty enters so largely into the miner's calculations, that it would be an act of gross injustice to claim a large sum from the yield of a vein which, on any particular month, happened to yield well. No mine known yields remarkably well over a long series of years. In hundreds of cases during the last two years, mines which have been yielding a fair profit one month have come short of paying expenses the next; and in taxing the capital engaged in the business account has to be taken of this uncertainty. If any large portion of the products of lucky hits were carried off by the tax-gatherer, there are very few men who would encounter the manifold risks of mining. Government will, in short, have to content itself with about the same rate of revenue from mines as from other branches of industry, and the mineral wealth of the West is not one whit more valuable for the payment of the national debt than the corn of Illinois, or the strawberries of New Jersey, or the cotton of the South. Many of the calculations which have been put forth on this subject have been the product of an excited imagination, combined with considerable ignorance of economical laws.

Nor can we too carefully guard against that other wide-spread de-

lusion, that all the property of the country can be drawn on to meet the public liabilities. The figures one sees so often paraded on this point are pleasant but delusive reading. No people ever yet submitted to the appropriation of all their goods and chattels to the payment of their creditors, or ever will. Nor is it right that they should. Considerable inroads on their annual profits is all that the most upright (commercially) nation the world has yet seen—the Dutch—has allowed the tax-gatherer to make. Every people's first duty is to take care not to lose its own place in civilization; to preserve the means of continuing its progress, material as well as moral. No people which handed over even half its property to its creditors could do this. Any people would repudiate long before its capital was touched. And, in fact, a little consideration of things and less of words would set this matter before everybody in its true light. One question dissipates the whole illusion. How is the property of a whole people to be seized? Who will be the sheriff? who the auctioneer? Where will the buyers be found for it? How, in short, could its creditors turn it to account were its debtors ever so willing to sacrifice it?

MORE FETTERS TO BE BROKEN.

It is to be hoped that the Senate will, without unnecessary delay, confirm the action of the House in regard to railway monopolies. *Teuero duce*—since the President has taken the initiative—there is no tolerable excuse for hesitating in a measure of such urgency and importance. Between the cry of the people for relief, and the voluntary encouragement of the Executive, what have our legislators to fear? Nothing so much as their own procrastination. Soulless as corporations proverbially are, they are still too nearly immortal; and the particular one whose discomfiture and abasement are sought, remembering the peril which it barely escaped at the hands of the last Congress, and having had the double warning of the President's message and the House bill of the present session, has assuredly not wasted the holidays in feasting or slumber. It will be active to the end in the only kind of tactics it ever employs, not doubting, till it is beaten, that with corruption, as with calumny, if one is only prodigal enough, there will be something stick.

The case is really too plain for argument. The grievance is national, and so must the cure be. Everywhere it is manifest that the railroad interests are the most formidable in any community, and that they tend to poison the politics and control the government of the State. So vast is the host of employees and dependents, so extensive the tract of which the railroad is the artery or nerve-trunk, that the president and directors are unavoidably invested with a power which they would be simple not to perceive, and less than human if not tempted to exercise, and by which they can marshal at a moment's notice the largest and best disciplined body of subservient voters, to whom their will is law. It is small consolation to point to the present condition of New York and New Jersey, for example, which neither the Central nor the Camden and Amboy road now controls at the ballot-box. The recent triumph of good morals in these States rested on the general question of loyalty to the cause of the nation, and was not a final proof of the ability of either State to free itself unaided from the coils of an open or a virtual monopoly. But it must not be forgotten what and how long we suffered before achieving this precarious victory; how the principles which had to be fought out and established on the battlefield were early obstructed in their peaceful dissemination along the lines of our great thoroughfares; how mobs were organized successively, with all the appearance of a spontaneous epidemic of violence, from Boston to Albany, and from Albany to Detroit; and how conventions that licked the feet of slavery were packed by the same contrivance of a free transit, and the same signal from the managers of railroads and caucuses. It was with the railroads that the contest was carried on, and is still to be carried on in more States than one, concerning the rights of colored passengers. It was owing to the cupidity and exclusiveness of some of them that the operations of the late war were hampered, and ultimate federal triumph postponed, at immense cost to the whole country.

New Jersey is at once the strongest instance of the impotence of a

State in the clutches of a monopoly, and the physical and moral detriment resulting from such a humiliation. Everybody knows that the reason why she lingered so long in the unclean bosom of the Democracy was not the failure of fair argument in a free discussion to convince and convert her population. It was because the animating spirit of that party was in harmony with that of the chief railroad corporation of the State—because monopoly, in choosing sides and supporters, could not espouse liberty, which is competition itself. Hence, to speak against the party or the institution which nursed it, was to speak against the corporation; and the public conscience which consented to the privileges of the latter, was easily pacified with a profuse dispensation of passes and offices. There was, therefore, little or no independent thought or utterance in New Jersey, nor was it welcomed from any quarter; and her reputation justly deteriorated, to a degree, we suspect, not commonly appreciated in its influence on her material welfare and advancement. The war inserted the lever which was to pry up the old incubus. Our

—“great cause, God's new Messiah,”

like the Revolutionary struggle, parted the sheep and the goats—showed the foremost of patriots, bravest of soldiers, and meanest of Tories. The consequence has been that the good and upright citizens have learned their strength and numbers, banded them together, and redeemed the reputation of the State by the rout of their adversaries. Whatever of native manliness protested against imposing on the citizens of other States who crossed the New Jersey border the civil burthens that ought to have been borne at home, will now be strengthened by her compulsory share in the national load. Expensive and demoralizing as is a wide spread, ever-present system of direct taxation, it conveys more forcibly than any other to the citizen his obligations to the Government, and excites, in turn, a wholesome scrutiny of official and legislative economy.

The liberty of the person was a principal object in the formation of our Government. This liberty does not exist apart from the freedom of locomotion, by which the freeman is distinguished from the serf attached to the soil. In the interest of trade, the Constitution carefully prohibited any regulation bearing unequally upon the several States, and by confining duties to foreign importations declared the essential unity of the nation. That reciprocity of communication which it contemplated it was unable to secure. “The citizens of each State” never had “all the privileges and immunities” of their fellow-citizens in other States. The labor monopoly at the South turned away the streams of immigration, domestic and foreign, and contributed to the uneven growth and imperfect settlement of the republic. It established a passport system more odious than that of any European despotism, for it compelled the traveller to renounce every sentiment that was at variance with its own iniquity. It thus effectually obstructed the circulation of ideas, gave one hue to thought, one aspect to society, and fastened upon the aspiration of the North, all alive with the vigor of the age, the ignorant and contented conservatism of a semi-barbarous period. What happened there on a grand scale has been observed also in New Jersey, in consequence of its short-sighted policy in cherishing a monopoly of transportation between the first two cities of the Union. While inflicting incalculable annoyance on its neighbors, the State itself has incurred the natural penalty of its selfishness. Its physical resources have been retarded in their development, its enterprise been repressed, its intelligence restricted, and its political morality so badly damaged that it will long remain a reproach upon our democratic experiment. To save the State from itself, to emancipate it from a self-imposed bondage, and at the same time to guard every other State from a similar subjugation, is the province and duty of Congress. One thread runs through all the proposed amendments of the Constitution—equality, of States and citizens. We invoke the same principle in demanding the overthrow of railroad monopolies, for which no amendment is needed. We ask that the common domain shall be open to the free play of all the forces that give character to our civilization; that no countenance be given to local greediness or meanness in opposition to the clear advantage of the rest of the country. If strait-jackets are necessary for those who still think that they can injure others without injuring themselves, we ask, in their behalf, for strait-jackets. Above

all, we ask for the promptness which befits the case of an admitted, indefensible evil, in the presence of a power not more adequate to remove it than confessed to be adequate and lawful.

NEW YORK AND THE CHOLERA.

As it is generally expected by men of science, as well as by the public at large, not only that we shall have a visit from the cholera during the coming spring, but that it will first show itself in New York, and commit here its worst ravages, and from this spread itself over the country, along every line of railroad, it may be interesting to our country readers to get a glimpse of the preparations which are being made for its reception in this city.

The existing authorities upon the subject of public health in New York derive their power from the 275th chapter of the laws of 1850. These are full of confusions and contradictions. Paragraph 1 confers all legislative power relating to health upon the Mayor and Common Council. Paragraph 2 makes the Mayor and Common Council a Board of Health, any ten members forming a quorum; but as there are two branches of the Common Council, amounting to at least twenty members, there are material and authority for two Boards of Health, equal in power. Another paragraph creates a distinct board, known as the "Commissioners of Health," whose duty is defined to be to "advise the Mayor and Board of Health;" this board is to meet daily, while the former board meets only at the call of the Mayor. A health officer is created, who is to perform the duties which the Mayor and Commissioners of Health or the Board of Health shall order. The City Inspector may appoint, with the consent of the Aldermen, "so many Health Wardens and other officers" as the Common Council or Board of Health shall direct. The law of June 14, 1857, increases the confusion by making the City Inspector's power "pursuant to the ordinances of the Common Council and the lawful requirements of the Commissioners of Health and of the Board of Health;" and the 37th and 38th sections of the City Ordinances of 1859 declare that the Superintendent of Sanitary Inspections "shall, in all matters, be under the direction, control, and supervision of the City Inspector," and (in the same breath) that the Superintendent "shall also have, exercise, and possess all the powers and duties by law or ordinance conferred on the City Inspector."

It is not surprising that this double-headed arrangement, required to move in opposite directions, fails to move at all, and that the City Inspector has practically wielded for years, and still continues to wield, all powers relating to public health. The result of the system is seen in the past and present sanitary condition of the city; but before dismissing the present organization from discussion, let us make a brief synopsis of its component parts:

- (1.) Any ten of $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 17 \text{ Aldermen,} \\ 24 \text{ Councilmen,} \\ \text{and the Mayor,} \end{array} \right\}$ make a "Board of Health."
- (2.) The President of the Aldermen, $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{The President of the Councilmen,} \\ \text{The Health Officer,} \\ \text{The Resident Physician,} \\ \text{The City Inspector,} \end{array} \right\}$ make "The Commissioners of Health"—the two Boards having equal power, and any ten members forming a quorum.

Then there are the City Inspector, the Health Officer, the Resident Physician, the Health Commissioner, the Agent of the Board of Health, the Superintendent of Sanitary Inspection, the City Registrar, twenty-two Health Wardens, and twenty-two Assistant Health Wardens. The cost of all this machinery may be deduced from a single partial annual estimate:

Salaries of City Inspector, and officers, clerks, and others connected with his department,	\$138,160
Salaries of Resident Physician, Health Commissioner, Clerk of the Board, <i>et al.</i> ,	5,345
Advertising, office expenses, etc.,	20,000
Resident Physician, as Agent of the Board of Health, etc.,	5,000
Total,	\$168,505

The Health Bill now before the Legislature is substantially the same as that of last year, except that it includes Brooklyn. All the above-described cumbrous organization is swept by it out of existence

at a single stroke, and the following is substituted: The four Police Commissioners and four physicians are to form a Metropolitan Board of Health, the members serving—after the first board—eight years, and all serving as such without compensation. There are to be a Sanitary Superintendent and Sanitary engineer, whose salaries may not exceed \$5,000 each; a Secretary, whose salary is limited to \$3,500; and Inspectors, not to exceed ten, with salaries limited to \$1,500 each. No member of the Board may hold, or be a candidate for, any political office or public trust. This Board shall perform all the duties of the present health officers, and the aggregate compensation of its members cannot exceed two-thirds what is now paid to those officers. Over against the table of expenditures above quoted place the fact that the annual expense of the Board of Health under this bill cannot exceed \$46,000, and that the number of its employees cannot exceed twenty.

A very brief comparison will serve to show the gain acquired in other cities by improved sanitary administration. In Macclesfield, England, the adoption of sanitary measures reduced the annual mortality rate in ten years from one in thirty to one in forty of the inhabitants, the average of life being increased from twenty-four to twenty-nine years. At the end of the first five years, the Earl of Shaftesbury stated that "1,015 lives have already been saved, and 28,300 cases of sickness prevented." In Liverpool, where the mortality rate was one in thirty in 1847—at which time the Public Health Act went into operation—the rate, in 1860, was one in forty-one, representing for the last year alone a saving of 3,800 lives. London, whose Metropolitan Board of Works has, during the past year, completed a gigantic system of drainage, and is now preparing to utilize the vast body of *excreta*, thus removed from the city, has a Central Board of Health, under which is a body of sanitary police, composed of a principal medical officer, subordinate to whom are forty-eight physicians. Paris has a "Council of Public Health and Hygiene for the Department of the Seine," consisting of twenty-nine persons, fifteen being physicians, six pharmacutists, and the remainder engineers or architects. The London *Times* declares that the average of health in London is higher than that of all England, the mortality in England being 22.8 per 1,000, and in London 22.3.

The rate of mortality in New York is about half as large again as in London, for all ages; while for children under one year of age it is a little more than twice as great.

To sum up the argument for a measure like the Health Bill is a difficult matter—something like seriously arguing that a permanent society is impossible without the restraints of law. To tell men that any business should be managed by those who have made that particular business a study, is to insult their good sense; and yet people who, as individuals, would think themselves insane if they were to give their watches to blacksmiths for repair, or the curing of their physical ills to hod-carriers, will yet, when organized into a city community, stupidly permit the conditions of their health to be controlled by politicians. It is only, however, the usual political contradiction of the rule of mathematics, in this wise: the whole is less than the sum of all the parts. The health authorities of New York are practically the City Inspector's Department; and that is, and will be, notoriously a political machine, in spite of press, public meetings, public suffering, and public wrath combined. Anti-republican as the fact may be deemed, New York City has as yet obtained from the Legislature all her valuable public institutions. The Park, the Croton Water, the Police, the Paid Fire Department, all came through the Legislature; while for samples of the city's own work, take the Williamsburg Ferries, the Markets, the Harlem Bridge, the Custom House, and the Battery Enlargement.

The city has appealed to the State, through the Legislature, many times already for this measure, and now appeals once more. *Granted*, that public health is desirable, that we have not yet attained it, that the existing system will not give it, that the pending Health Bill will—these propositions, which no thoughtful person disputes, ought to be sufficient, but they are not. The great political engine which the bill will overthrow will contest its passage as heretofore, and every abuse, from actual municipal robbery down to the nuisances that nauseate the avenues, will strive, through its own representatives, to maintain the existing order of things. To counteract these, and to avert the dangers of another year's delay; to be ready for the probable germination, next spring, of the seeds

of cholera brought by the *Atalanta*; and to settle, in this crucial test, the question whether the moral elements of a great city can perpetually be overruled by those of misrule; New York appeals for the action, more than to the sympathy, of the intelligent classes of her population.

LEOPOLD, KING OF THE BELGIANS.

THE centre-stone of an arch is not, necessarily, stronger than its fellows, but its absence entails the overthrow of the edifice of which it is the key. Leopold of Belgium was, to a great extent, the key-stone of the existing European fabric; and, therefore, his death possesses an importance scarcely due to his intrinsic merits. Few men have led more eventful lives, or have played a greater part in the world's history, with less, one would think, of individual power or capacity. If fortune had placed him in the ordinary ranks of life, he would have pursued his trade or profession, whatever it might have been, with energy; and his good sense, good conduct, and activity could not have failed to secure him fair average success. It was, as Joseph II. of Austria said of himself, his trade to be a king, and he succeeded in his trade. He was not a great man, he was not a very good man, he was not a man of any signal ability; and yet he was a leading actor in the chief events of the last sixty years. The story of his life is contained in the two facts that he was born a poor cadet of an obscure German house, and that he died uncle of the Queen of England, grand-uncle of the King of Portugal, father-in-law of the Empress of Mexico, kinsman by marriage of nearly every royal house in Europe, son-in-law of an ex-King of France, and King of Belgium. In truth, he was the impersonation of the Coburg race—a race which has risen to greatness not by any innate power, but by the genius of commonplace good sense. At the time of his birth the one noteworthy feature of his family consisted in the circumstance that the head of his house was the friend and patron of Goethe. Born in 1790, almost on the morrow of the great French Revolution, his youth was subject to all those vicissitudes which the Napoleonic wars inflicted on the minor princes of Central Europe. When almost a boy he served in the Russian armies, both when the Czar was allied with the great Napoleon and when he was fighting against him; he lived at Paris, by order of the Emperor, during the period when the first Empire was at the height of its glory; he applied for permission to enter the French service and was refused; then applied again for employment under the Czar, and was again refused; then lived in retirement till the outbreak of the German war of independence, when he threw in his lot with the allies. He fought at Lützen and at Leipzig, and, after his wont, acquitted himself creditably, not brilliantly; he entered Paris with the conquering armies in 1815, and came over to England with the allied sovereigns.

During his visit he won the affections of the young Princess Charlotte, the only child of the then Prince Regent; and after some opposition, on account of the inequality of his position to her own, the Princess carried her own way, and Leopold was offered the hand of the heiress to the British throne. The offer was accepted at once, and the Prince was deemed the most fortunate of men. From all accounts he was as deeply attached to his royal bride as it was in his somewhat cold nature to be attached to any one. At any rate he made her an excellent husband. Whether from inclination or judgment, he practised all those domestic virtues on which so much value is placed in England, and which were especially valued at a time when the private life of the Prince Regent was a scandal to the country. The good Princess Charlotte was the popular idol of the day, and the Prince shared in her popularity. He was made Duke of Kendal, with an allowance of fifty thousand a year, which was paid to him till the day of his death; though, after he became King of Belgium, he regularly repaid the amount to the English treasury, deducting, however, the expenses incurred in keeping up his residence of Claremont. The sudden death of the Princess, in her first confinement, destroyed the prospects of her husband, and from 1817 to 1830 he took no prominent part in public life.

At the age of forty he found himself once more within reach of a crown. The throne of Greece was offered to his acceptance, and, subject to certain conditions, he consented to become the sovereign of the kingdom so lately freed from the rule of Turkey. The conditions were

not carried out, and the monarch-elect, whose ambition was never of an ardent character, grew alarmed at the representations made to him by Capo d'Istrias about the unsettled state of the Hellenic kingdom, and declared his resolution not to leave England for the Hellespont. Within two years another crown was offered to him. After the vacant throne of Belgium had been proffered in turn to well-nigh every available candidate for royalty, and after each candidate in turn had been declared disqualified by some one of the great European Powers, Leopold was taken as a sort of *pis aller*. Belgium was, so to speak, a far better investment than Greece, and as such Prince Leopold regarded it. He had hardly, however, ascended the throne before Holland made one last vigorous effort to recover its lost provinces. The Belgian armies, under the command of the King, were utterly routed by the Dutch at Louvain, and the Prince of Orange would, probably, have driven the new sovereign out of his territories if Leopold had not appealed to France for aid. The appeal was responded to: the Dutch forces were obliged to quit the territory of Belgium; and, in return for this service, Leopold consolidated his alliance with France by marrying *en secondes nocces* the Princess Louise, one of the daughters of Louis Philippe. Of his subsequent life as King of the Belgians there is not much to say. The internal feuds and dissensions of the Flemish kingdom are absolutely uninteresting and nearly unintelligible to a foreigner. The two great parties in the country are the Ultramontanes and the Liberals, the former being supported by the rural districts, in which the priests are omnipotent; the latter by the towns, where the commercial element is growing daily more and more powerful. Faithful to the constitutional maxim, that "the King reigns but does not govern," Leopold refrained from identifying himself with either party, and worked frankly with any ministry which for the time commanded a majority in the Chambers. Unlike Louis Philippe, he took no active interest in ministerial intrigues, and therefore no party regarded him as an obstacle to their success. On the other hand, he did a great deal to develop the material resources of the country, and always gave liberal principles and policy the benefit of his sanction and support. On the whole, Belgium has enjoyed an unusual share of freedom and prosperity during the three-and-thirty years of Leopold's reign; and the country, not without reason, felt that considerable gratitude was due to the wisdom and good sense of their sovereign. Moreover, the loyalty felt towards him was, doubtless, enhanced by his avowed indifference to the possession of royalty. With an almost cynical frankness, he lost no opportunity of assuring his subjects that he was perfectly ready to resign his claims on the throne if they desired any other occupant. As long, too, as the old King lived, it was deemed that Belgium was comparatively safe against foreign aggression; and thus the feeling of Belgian nationality, such as it is, became identified with Leopold.

Personally, however, he was never popular. A Protestant, he had to reign over one of the most devout of Catholic populations; a German, he had to rule a nation in whose veins there is no small portion of Celtic and Spanish blood. His cold, stiff manners repelled his Flemish subjects, and his vices were not of a kind to win popular affection. In fact, he had all the defects which rendered his nephew, the late Prince Consort, so uncongenial to English sympathy, while he had not those high moral excellences which, in the case of Prince Albert, commanded the involuntary respect of those who liked him the least. After he became a king, the sometime husband of the Princess Charlotte did not maintain the reputation of private morality he had earned in England. The second marriage was not a happy one, and the life of the Queen of the Belgians was said to have been embittered by the open preference shown by her husband to other women. Indeed, public feeling was so strong on this subject, that after the Queen's death the Brussels mob broke the windows of the house where the King's mistress was said to reside. Yet, in the ordinary sense of the word, it would be unfair to say that Leopold was a profligate man; he was too prudent ever to run to excess in anything, and even his bitterest opponents never accused him of prodigality.

His chief reputation, however, was better abroad than at home. Partly by age, partly by position, above all by temperament, he had become a sort of European arbiter. His advice was asked by kings in difficulty, and, what was more, was often acted on. He had fewer, probably, of the illusions of royalty than most sovereigns; he had ne-

great love for liberalism or popular progress, and he had a deep conviction that in the long run the popular side was always the winning one. He had little faith in abstract principles, but he believed firmly in accomplished facts. Of England and her royal family he was, probably, as fond as he was of anything in the world, except himself. He was a constant visitor at her court, and went to and fro without any state or ceremony. His last visit was only a few months ago. There can be no doubt that his loss is a severe one to all interests connected with the welfare of Belgium, and it may be doubted whether his kingdom will long survive his death. His eldest son, Leopold II., is a man of very feeble health and no great intellectual capacity, and is supposed to be completely in the hands of the priests. If this is so, there is trouble in store for Belgium.

WHERE WILL THE POPE GO?

It is growing daily a more and more curious problem to consider what is to become of the Pope when the last French soldier has turned his back on Rome. Will he consent to accept the succor of his disobedient and disinherited second son, Victor Emanuel, and receive earthly protection from one in whose face he has double-locked the gates of heaven? or will Austria despatch its two-headed eagle to perch as a bird of good omen on the triple crown of the successor of St. Peter? And if she be so minded, will Victor Emanuel consent to such hostile augury of the future of his coveted capital? In Spain the Holy Father has a devout and dutiful daughter, to be sure, but her own uneasy seat on her throne may well hinder her most pious dispositions to help hold him on his. The Pope is, indeed, fallen from his high estate when kings and emperors knelt at his feet and held his stirrup, and when he gave away the kingdoms of this world which did not belong to him with all the liberality of the devil himself. He can no longer command the public sentiment of the countries which acknowledge his spiritual domination; he is forced to obey it. Victor Emanuel is excommunicated, but regards the commination no more than if it had been a benediction that His Holiness had bestowed upon him. The excellent predecessor of the present Pope, Gregory XVI., issued a bull condemning and forbidding slavery, but no priest had stomach enough for martyrdom to try and carry it into effect in New Orleans. And at this moment, in the most priest-ridden country in Europe, the Irish Catholics give to the Fenian Brotherhood the fealty due to the Church, and that in the very teeth of the priests.

It is a painful contingency to contemplate that of the Head of the Church being forced to fly in fear of his life from the metropolis of the true faith. But as it is one which seems to be taken for granted on all hands as sure to happen as soon as the French bayonets are removed from under the Papal throne, it is a curious speculation to consider whither he will betake himself for safety. Italy and France seem to be out of the question. To accept the hospitality of the King of Italy would be to discredit the thunders of the Vatican and to abdicate the temporalities, and to resort to that of the Emperor would be a humiliation the Sovereign Pontiff could hardly stoop to without damage to what is left of his spiritual prestige. In the present state of the Italian question, it is doubtful whether Austria would choose to encumber herself with a guest whose presence might give not unreasonable umbrage to Italy and a possible occasion to France. Spain itself would not be a desirable abode in the present unsettled condition of its affairs, politically, and even ecclesiastically. It were odd, but by no means an impossible event, if the Head of the Catholic Church should have to accept the hospitalities of the successor of Henry VIII. as the Head of the Anglican Church! Stranger things have happened than that, strange as it would be. England has been the refuge of runaway kings ever since the trade of kingship has been subject to bankruptcy. Louis XVIII. at Hartfield, Charles X. at Holyrood, Louis Philippe at Claremont, not to mention Louis Napoleon in Leicester Square, have all sheltered themselves from the storms of fate under the wave-ruling trident of Britannia. It were no more strange that the Pope of Rome should seek the protection of the arch-heretic than that the King of France should flee to that of his natural enemy. What a spectacle would he be for the populace, and what a lion for May Fair!

There is yet another choice left to His Holiness which, it he will

have the discretion to take our advice, he will do well to make. He can come to the United States, where he will be sure of protection and civil treatment. We can offer him the advantage of a country with no religion at all to perplex him as a city of refuge. Catholics and Protestants, Jews and Mohammedans, the worshippers of Fo and of Buddha, all stand on absolutely equal footing. He would be just as good as the Grand Lama of Thibet, and no better. But, for all that, what a reception he would have, especially should he select this city as his landing place! What committees of the Aldermen would wait upon him on board ship! What a procession would accompany him through the streets! Of what oceans of turtle-soup, and of what floods of champagne, would he be the occasion! The Governor's Room would be offered to him for the reception of his friends, and what hosts of friends he would have! We doubt whether the Japanese ambassadors or the Prince of Wales could boast of more. General Grant's hydraulic pressure at the Fifth Avenue Hotel were inappreciable alongside of it. We only fear that this new form of martyrdom might qualify him for the honors of canonization before his due time. But whether any or all these things come to pass, whether he be kept at Rome by foreign troops or driven out of it by his own subjects, whether he find shelter—in such case—under Catholic or Protestant or latitudinarian auspices, he will be, as he is indeed, a monument of the change which time works in the most inveterate ideas.

STRUGGLES FOR LIFE.

I STARTED up one winter's night,
All in a mighty flutter,
And vowed that I thenceforth would earn
My salt and bread and butter.

And first I thought I'd keep a school,
And then I thought I would n't;
For cause I hate to try to rule,
And cause I knew I could n't.

And then I thought I'd keep a store
In some great town or city;
For if I could n't measure silks
And laces 't was a pity.

But standing on my feet all day
Was more than pleased my fancy;
I feared to sink into my shoes,
Like Reuben's sister Nancy.

So then I thought I'd write a book,
And be a famous poet;
This was the maddest scheme of all;
But then I did n't know it.

I went and bought a pound of tea,
Green as I could desire,
And made it strong, and drank it hot,
My genius to inspire.

It scalded as I forced it down,
But I was bent on trying
My project through, though it was hard
To keep myself from crying.

But when the hot and bitter dose
Was resolutely swallowed,
I sat all night with pen in hand,
And not one stanza followed.

Oh, it was hard! and on the theme
I do not dare to tarry;
My hopes were crushed, my courage gone—
What could I do but marry?

And so, when Reuben asked again
If he his wife might make me,
I really felt relieved, and said,
"Oh! yes, I thank you; take me."

AUGUSTA MOORE.

ELOQUENCE AT SECOND-HAND.

THERE is an amusing story of an Irish reporter who, having fallen asleep while Mr. Wilberforce was upon his thin legs in the House of Commons, was told by his mischievous companions that the philanthropist had been sounding the virtues of the potato and lamenting that he had not in his youth been nourished upon that homely vegetable. The poor man fell plumply into the snare, and the next morning he amused the British breakfast-table by printing the kindly gentleman's praises of the great Hibernian root. We may well believe that Mr. Wilberforce was surprised, perhaps even into a doubt of his personal identity; for many American speakers have found themselves in a similar dilemma, and have feverishly hesitated between an acquiescence in their destiny and a letter to the editor. The late Mr. Edward Everett, who was the nicest of rhetoricians and as finical in the construction of his speeches as Beau Brummel in the plaits of his cravat, endured so much anguish from slovenly reports that he adopted the expedient of sending fairly written copies of his chief orations in advance to the newspapers. Mr. Webster was frequently annoyed by the blunders of the reporters. He was fond of ornamenting his speeches with an occasional scrap or two of Latin, and classical quotations in the newspapers are always at the mercy of chance or ignorance. Thus, when he made his celebrated speech in Faneuil Hall, defending himself against those Whigs who censured him for remaining in place under Mr. Tyler, he exclaimed, very forcibly, "*Adsum qui feci—in me convertite ferrum!*" This was printed, "*Assum que fuce qui convert fere,*" and in every other possible way except the right one. Imagine the wrath at Marshfield! Mr. Choate once made a happy allusion to *Iago*, which a phonographer, relying, as the custom of his craft is, altogether upon his ears, wrote down and printed "I argue," thus turning into the forlornest nonsense one of the gayest of Mr. Choate's purple patches.

Very few public addresses are made of which the managers of newspapers care to furnish verbatim reports, partly because the columns of a metropolitan journal are always crowded, partly because printing-presses are like time and the tide, and partly because most speeches are of such quality that nobody can read them. Public palaver and private chat are of equal importance; and those who do not consider the views of the Honorable Smith to be any newer or sounder than their own would be, are naturally indignant to find six columns of Smith served with their early toast and tea. While the talk of the platforms is limitless, the area of the printed sheet is fixed, and only the great notables, upon great occasions, can hope for the honors of a broadside. The consequence is, that reporters give what it pleases them to call "abstracts" or "sketches." In the arrangement of an epitomized selection of the sublimities, the beauties, and the facts of a discourse, they are guided by their own notions, and these are not always either judicious or severe. Frequently they bring away only what they can readily remember, and what is not worth the pains of remembering at all. But their surest refuge is in the commonplaces of compliment. Mindful of the weakness of human nature and of their own, they merely present their confectionery of compliments to the speakers. Thus, "Mr. A. followed in a few eloquent remarks, which brought down the house;" or, "Mr. B. in a short, humorous speech convulsed the audience;" or, "Mr. C. made the concluding address, which was well received." If A. and B. and C. are greatly pleased with this, there is reason in their rapture. *Omne ignotum pro mirifico*. The reader must take it for granted that A. was really eloquent, that B. was droll, and that the concluding C. was somewhat more than barely tolerated. A faithful report of what these speakers did say might bring them into swift, sure, and abiding contempt.

But if many are treated with unmerited kindness, there are others who have an indisputable right to complain. A clergyman, for instance, has preached a sermon which cost him many days and nights of patient thought and investigation. It is the elaborate product of his mind and skill; its method, manner, and proportion are necessary and not fortuitous; its parts are mutually dependent; it is a structure of which no specimen brick can give adequate testimony, and if it is to be criticized by those who did not listen to its delivery, its author may well protest against a judgment bottomed upon a crude conception of his theme, and resulting only in a desperate and abortive effort to reproduce fragments of his language. It requires a finer appreciation of his meaning and method to give simply a paked skeleton of his discourse than to furnish a mechanical and phonographic report; yet, in most newspaper offices, the task of providing what are called "abstracts" or "sketches" is committed to the cheapest and least practised hands. The result is unpleasant to contemplate. The most irritating nonsense is attributed to men notoriously sensible, the grossest error to the most accurate, petty vulgarity to the fastidious, damnable heresy to the orthodox, and

Scriptural misquotation to those who know the Bible by heart. The only solace, under this grievous burthen of misfortune, is a declaration by the erudite reporter that "the reverend gentleman preached with his usual eloquence and ability," and even this is coupled with compliments to the choir, or, possibly, with a puff of the "gentlemanly and obliging" sexton. The meekest parson in all the churches may be allowed a little irascibility when this insulting draft is made upon his stock of forgiveness, for he is led captive, the victim of shameful calumny, into a limbo of dubious notoriety, that he may point a paragraph or adorn a column. We can imagine him shedding natural tears in the seclusion of his study, and privately bewailing the discovery of the typographic art.

But the clergyman is not, by any means, the only martyr. The judge upon the bench who never committed a legal blunder in his life is made responsible for law erroneous enough to evoke the ghost of Sir Matthew Hale. Lecturers who are prudish in their choice of language are held up to the world as recklessly and insanely defying the shade of Lindley Murray, and tempting it to revisit the world without its Quaker coat. Prodiges of science, capable of reconstructing from the smallest toe-joints a whole menagerie of antediluvian monsters, are represented as propounding physical theories which, if they should suddenly become true, would be followed by the immediate dissolution of the universe. Unhappy poets, who recite the prominent decasyllabics at the collegio festivals, are pilloried as rebels against the venerable and immutable statutes of long and short. Jokers of jokes read the reproductions of their drolleries only to find, with melancholy eyes, that the point has been taken out of this carefully-constructed impromptu and the salt out of that. It is all a very dreary piece of business!

It is easier to point out an evil than to prescribe a remedy. It may not, however, be impertinent to suggest, unless a speech or sermon is to be elaborately reported, that nothing is gained by any pretence of literally reproducing the language employed. All orators whose fame is anything more than traditional have carefully written out their speeches for publication. Lord Macaulay, after a slovenly and inaccurate volume of his speeches had been published, was obliged either to print them himself, or go down to posterity as an utterer of nonsense, a blunderer, and a vulgarian. The preacher's fame, if he cares for it, must be protected and prolonged by the same expedient. The public, it is true, will grudgingly wait for the slow process of revision and of publication, but it might be less impatient if reporters would content themselves with an unadorned and coherent statement of the facts and opinions contained in a discourse. If speakers themselves would or could furnish to each reporter a brief and modest abstract of their remarks—although this is a trouble which we have no right to oblige them to take—they might save themselves from misrepresentation and mortification; but brevity, in such cases, would be the rarest of virtues, and the modesty of many would be severely tested, since few would doubt their right to at least one of the sorely-cumbered columns. Intelligent reporting is the only remedy, and we would fain believe that it is not an impossibility.

Reporting will not be improved, however, unless it is brought more under editorial supervision than it is at present. Great masters of English or able *précis* writers cannot be got to take reporters' places, and in most cases would be unfit to fill them, so that it will, probably, be a long time before reporters' contributions will be fit for publication, without revision, in any newspaper laying claim to be well edited. The fact is that the newspaper business in this country, like many other things, has grown up so rapidly that it is still in rather an unorganized condition. The editor is still largely engaged in doing things which other people ought to do, and he leaves undone things which nobody but he himself can do. Many of the subordinates have more scope than is good for either themselves, the English language, the press, or the public. Much of this will, no doubt, be mended in time; but there is one practice of the reporters which ought to be mended now, and that is the practice in which those of nearly every paper indulge of garbling and caricaturing and misrepresenting the speeches of political opponents under pretence of reporting them. Most reporters sent to attend a meeting of the opposite party feel called upon to make fun—and such fun!—of the whole proceeding, ridicule the speakers, put absurdities in their mouths which they never uttered, and, in fact, say everything that seems likely to bring them and their audience into contempt. The result is generally, in a literary point of view, disgusting, and, in a moral one, worse than disgusting. It is a deliberate fraud on the public, which pays its money to learn what happened, and not what reporters would like to have happened; and yet editors let it pass as if it was none of their business.

ACCIDENTAL INSURANCE.

ONE of the most wonderful phenomena of this wonderful age is the progress of insurance. We may now ensure our houses against fire, our bodies against disease, and our skins against abrasion. How many human beings are, at this very moment, in receipt of an income, free of Government tax, from that most novel of modern conveniences—the "Accidental Insurance?" We recall the names of at least a dozen of our acquaintances who, as policy-holders in the new companies, are in the full enjoyment of a most remunerative convalescence. For the small sum of ——— dollars we may ensure, at our option, our lives against death by violence, or our persons against accident, at a weekly compensation of fifty dollars, for every week that through bodily injuries we may be incapacitated from performing our usual duties. To the insured a broken finger is as good as a certified check for two hundred and fifty dollars. Taking this as a basis of calculation, what amount is represented in a broken arm, a dislocated shoulder, or a fractured thigh?

We Americans are ever quick to encourage and adopt what is practical, though with respect to the accidental insurance we have been several years behind France and England. Is it surprising, therefore, that the holders of policies in accidental companies should desert the city as a place of residence, when the profits of a commutation ticket on a dangerous and ill-managed railway are offered in competition with the stupid security of a city car? It must be allowed, however, that the exodus from the city is as yet confined to those men of small means who owe it as a duty to their families to add, in any legitimate way, to a scanty income, even if it be accomplished at the risk of a compound fracture of the *os coccygis*. Perhaps the day is near at hand when ensures in accidental companies will look upon a railroad accident or a steamboat explosion as the El Dorado of their hopes.

When Tompkins—a holder of policy A. I. Co. No. 209,367—arrives at his home as one of the seriously injured in a terrible railroad accident, is he received by his wife with cries of lamentation and despair? Not at all. The admirable woman cautiously examines the person of the suffering Tompkins, and, satisfying herself that he is good for at least a dozen weeks of careful nursing, she hastily multiplies twelve by fifty, which gives her the amount due from the "Accidental Company." With this sum Mrs. Tompkins hopes to eclipse Mrs. Whopper, whose husband has come out of the smash-up with the unremunerative casualties of the loss of four front teeth and a slight wound on the nose.

Arthur Whackle—policy A. I. Co. No. 773,047—occupies a cottage on the line of the Boris and Fessex Railroad. The connubial veteran will readily divine that Whackle is but recently married from the fact that he still addresses his mother-in-law by the fond and endearing title of "mamma." Mrs. Whackle is an eminently just and careful woman. Mrs. Blodger is of the same persuasion as her daughter. Between the two poor Whackle is reduced to a condition which suggests precautions on the part of his persecutors. Mrs. Blodger, for the sake of Amelia, insists that the unhappy husband shall ensure himself in an "Accidental Company." The hope of peace induces the miserable being to consent, and a policy for ten thousand dollars is made out in favor of "mamma." A sleepy engineer does the rest. Whackle is returning to his home; the night is foggy, and the train pitches through an open draw-bridge into the river. Our friend is in the smoking-car, engaged with about twenty others in the ascetic occupation of coloring a meerschaum. Of course they are all drowned. Poor Whackle's remains are forwarded to their destination, with his pipe, two brass keys, seven dollars in national bills, and twenty-four small buttons—the accumulated evidence of Mrs. Whackle's neglect. On the arrival of the effects, the nasty meerschaum is tossed out of the window, and the defunct son-in-law is transferred to lot No. 37 in the village cemetery. The last offices having been performed, Mrs. Whackle and her mamma prepare to enjoy, less commissions, the fruits of policy No. 773,047.

Here is the experience of Jeremy Diddler—policy A. I. Co., No. 22. We all know the unfortunate Jeremy. We fancy we see him now, as he enters our office and whispers nervously in our ear: "I say, Tom, lend me five dollars; I'll pay you in three days." The plausible fellow secures the amount and joyously departs. Four hundred and thirty-five days elapse, but Diddler does not appear. We have given up all hopes of ever seeing him again, when we suddenly encounter him as we turn the corner. "Tom, old boy," says he, "I have just taken out a policy in an 'accidental company'; lend me ten dollars more, and I'll pay you in a few days." We advance the sum on the possibility of remunerative bodily injuries.

Poor Diddler borrows small amounts here and there until he achieves a total of seventy-five dollars. With the proceeds of his successful raids he

ensures himself in the "Fearnought Accidental Insurance Company," and pays fifty dollars for the policy. With twenty-five yet at his command, he carefully studies the most noted and dangerous routes of travel. The I. O. U. RR. offers the advantages of a single track and sharp curves. The U. O. Mc. RR. traverses a long, black tunnel, full of horrors and profits. Jerry is about to trust his fortune to this line, when the newspapers announce the completion of a telegraph connecting both ends of the subterranean thoroughfare. The B. & F. RR. is out of repair, the engines are unsafe, and the conductors have a habit of racing with a parallel road. Acting upon the advice of interested parties, Jerry selects this route. He buys a ticket on the night express. The train starts thirty-five minutes behind time, and the maximum speed is soon attained. Diddler, with an eye to a remunerative crash, places himself near a stout, elderly female. The train rushes on, the lights of the opposition are close in the rear—a wild crash ensues. The concussion evokes the following phenomena: Jeremy is shot out of his seat, and finally lodges on the back of a gentleman who, being asleep at the moment of collision, is unaware that instantaneous death has overtaken him. The stout, elderly female, being of greater bulk, attains an immense momentum, and, after a flight singularly full of catastrophic successes, settles upon the fragments of the red hot stove, the victim of many burns and much internal discomfort. The agents of the insurance company, who are on the train, having disentangled our friend of policy No. 22 from the spine of the person on whom he has fallen, proceed to an examination of poor Diddler, and compute his injuries as follows:

1. Broken collar-bone, four weeks,	\$200
2. Compound fracture of the fore-arm, five weeks more,	250
3. One deep wound in the chest—from which is extracted, by an obliging surgeon who happens to be present, a paper collar, the carte de visite (vignette) of the deceased gentleman's wife, and a brass suspender buckle—ten weeks more,	400
Grand total,	\$850

Eight hundred and fifty dollars, exclusive of physician's fees, from an outlay of fifty dollars for a policy of insurance, and three dollars and forty-five cents, the price of a ticket on a judiciously chosen railway!

Ten days since, Jeremy Diddler entered our office, his face beaming with smiles, his arm in a sling, and his body enveloped in two flannel waistcoats. From the outside pocket of an expensive coat he carefully extracts a porcelain slate. "Dear Tom," he writes thereon, "my voice is lost to me for ever, my left arm is useless, but I'm a happy man. I start to-night by the lightning express on the B. & F. RR. In view of possible contingencies, I return the amount due you." The hardened adventurer takes his departure, wheezing as he passes into the street a joyful anthem through the hole in his chest.

If we look at "Accidental Insurance" from a social point of view, we may take the cases of young Tom Mallett, policy No. 73,777, and Harry Ball, policy No. 73,778, who are over to play a game of croquet with Miss Geraldine Hooper. It must be allowed that this amiable young woman is a cause of jealousy between the young men. What is more natural, therefore, than for Harry, while raising his mallet to "croquet" Tom, to deal his adversary a tremendous blow over the eye. Young Mallett drops to earth without uttering a sound. His lips move! Does he ask for water, or is he heaping curses upon Harry? How little do we understand the nature of insurers in an "Accidental Company!" Although Tom is suffering intolerable pain, he neither calls for refreshment nor execrates his rival; but, with a financial acumen that does him credit, he is calculating, as far as his muddled intellect will allow, the amount of compensation he will be entitled to upon his policy, provided he may manage to be laid up for three weeks. As Tom lapses into unconsciousness, he whispers in Geraldine's ear the words, "One hundred and fifty." Need we add that young Mallett received a check for the amount mentioned in his confidential communication to Miss Hooper?

The wonder is not that people can ensure themselves against accidents in travelling, but that the system has not been carried further, and that we have not been provided with means of ensuring ourselves against every other risk in life, against the occurrence of every event of an unpleasant nature which it is not in our own power to prevent. The field offered to enterprise in this whole business is really immense, and yet only a very small portion of it has been explored. For instance, why cannot young ladies ensure themselves against failure to get married before a certain age? Most single women want to be married if they can find a suitable husband, and there are only very few to whom marriage is not an object in a pecuniary point of view. There is, undoubtedly, something indelicate in claiming damages for breach of promise, but what possible objection could

there be in claiming compensation of an insurance company for never having received any promise at all?

Then why should not men be able to ensure themselves against the risks of primary meetings? At present, husbands and fathers in this city are apt to stay away from them, not by any means from consideration for their own skulls, of course, but from a fear of the consequences of a "knock-down" to their business and their families. Why does not some company step in with a million of capital and enable the patriotic citizen to brave the bludgeon and the knife without flinching or anxiety? Why, too, are so many young lawyers left to pine in uncertainty as to whether they will ever get any business, or at what time they will get it, when the payment of a small annual sum might secure them consolation in the shape of policy contingent on their not being elected corporation counsels or district-attorneys before a certain age? Why cannot a man provide for the receipt of an annuity in case he is elected to Congress or the Board of Aldermen, or the Board of Charities and Correction, or in case his throat or his eyes fail him, or in case his suit is rejected by the object of his affections, or his book does not sell, or his play is damned by the audience, or his poem by the critics, or his real estate does not rise, or, in fact, anything disagreeable happens to him which he could not have foreseen or, at least, averted? Capital is now tolerably abundant, the combinations of actuaries are infinite, and so are the ills of life. We commend these suggestions to the "live men" of the insurance business.

AMERICAN CATTLE.

It is not to be inferred from the fact that our common or "native" cows are made up of a mixture of various foreign stocks that they are, necessarily, of inferior quality. So far is this from being the case, that many might be selected from among them that would do credit to any highly improved breed. Their prevailing characteristic is the extreme want of uniformity, to which allusion has been made, and this, not in form and color alone, but in milking qualities, in early maturity, and in a tendency to fatten easily.

There is a well-established principle among the breeders of stock that like produces like, and this is the basis of all systems of improvement. Among the distinct races and well-marked breeds there is little difficulty in finding animals exhibiting this uniformity, but among a stock made up of an infinite mixture, descended from such widely different sources as we have seen to be the case with ours, this cannot easily be done.

Let us see how this affects the farmer's interest. There is a "native" cow. She came, perhaps, from a drove. Nobody knows anything of her origin, but she proves to be a remarkable milker. She may surpass all the cows about her, and the owner is anxious to have another of the same sort. He raises her daughter, at great expense, to the age of three or four years, only to find her quite unlike her mother, and comparatively worthless. His money has been thrown away, or, rather, there has been an actual loss on her, because her qualities do not realize his expectations, and the animal is not worth what it has cost to raise her. This is by no means a supposed case. It is the experience of thousands whose long years of waiting and expense for the offspring of some favorite cow have ended in disappointment. In other words, there is no certainty of results.

Now, two modes naturally presented themselves to the minds of those whose attention was early called to the importance of improving the stock of the country, either of which seemed to promise satisfactory results. The first was to select from among our common cattle the most perfect animals not known to belong to any of the breeds at that time established in Great Britain, and to use them as breeders. This mode is simple enough if adopted among the uniform breeds, and, indeed, it is the only course of improvement which preserves the purity of blood; but, as has been shown, we had no distinct race, no established breed of cattle in the country. We had none among which there was any reasonable certainty of results, none which could be depended upon for producing their like in their offspring. Take the best we could find, and the defects of an ill-born ancestry would continually "crop out" and lead to endless disappointment.

Besides this, to build up a breed or family of animals upon such a foundation, in the mode already indicated, that of careful selection, requires great experience, a quick and sure eye, an accurate judgment of the true points of stock, a mind eminently unprejudiced, and a patience and perseverance perfectly untiring. It would be quite necessary to pay special attention to the progeny thus produced, to furnish them at all times with an abundant supply of nutritious food, and to regulate it according to their growth.

Few men could be found willing to undertake the task of building up a breed in that way from grade or common stock, especially when there were other well-established breeds to which they could resort. Another prominent

objection also occurred, and that was, that it would require a long series of years—longer than the natural business life of man—to effect the object. No two animals, made up as our cattle were, could be found sufficiently alike to produce their kind. The peculiarities of their ancestry would be liable to come out for several generations, and thus constantly thwart well-meant efforts.

The other plan was more feasible, and that was, to select animals from races already known to exist, and to cross them with our cattle, selecting such individuals from the well-known breeds as were best calculated for the special purposes we had in view. If we wanted to produce a stock for the dairy, for instance, we should select animals belonging to a race distinguished for dairy qualities, or, if we resort to other breeds less remarkable for these qualities, we should select only such animals as have descended from remarkable milkers. We desire to be able to rely with some degree of confidence upon getting the qualities we seek.

Dairy qualities do not belong to any one breed exclusively; but as they depend especially on structure and temperament, which are hereditary to a great extent, they are themselves transmissible. In almost every pure breed we may find individual milkers which far surpass the average of cows of the same family, and many suppose good crosses may be obtained through the male offspring which descends from them, without regard to other circumstances. But these qualities are exceptional, perhaps, and it is far safer to resort to those breeds possessing what we desire to obtain in the highest degree.

Now, it was found that certain races existed in England with well-defined characteristics, while certain breeds had been built up through a course of improvements, conducted with remarkable judgment and sagacity, each possessing characteristics which they transmitted to their offspring. Among the former may be mentioned the Devons and the Herefords. Among the latter, the short-horns, the Ayrshires, and, perhaps, the Jerseys from the Channel Islands. The Devons are small in size, fine in the bone, of a beautiful red uniform color, coming pretty early to maturity, with a fine-grained and well-marbled beef—that is, beef in which the fat and lean are well mixed throughout the tissues—not remarkable for quantity of milk, and seldom bred for the dairy. Their milk is of a rich and desirable quality, however, while as working oxen they are rarely surpassed. They are so perfectly uniform in color, size, and other characteristics, such as activity and docility, that they may be matched with great ease.

The Hereford is essentially a Devon with a considerable addition to its size. It is uniformly white in the face, while most of its body is of a deep, rich red. A few incline to roan. It gives but little milk. It is rarely bred with any reference to dairy qualities, any more than the Devon. Both these races furnish the finest beef. Both have been improved to the utmost with a special view to these qualities. Prince Albert established a magnificent herd of each, the former upon the Norfolk farm, where grazed a splendid herd of a hundred head, while a magnificent herd of ninety pure-bred Herefords were kept upon an adjoining estate called the Flemish farm, two miles from Windsor Castle. Many of the nobility, also, admire and possess those superb breeds.

The short-horns trace back their origin a little less than a century. More money, more time and skill, have been devoted to the perfection of this fashionable breed than to that of any other in any part of the world. Coming first into notice along the banks of the Tees, and around the graceful slopes of the county of Durham, they have worked their way into all parts of the United Kingdom, and now stand unrivalled for beauty, for symmetry of form, and for early maturity. They stamp their peculiar characteristics on any breed or class of cows with which they are crossed, and hence there is scarcely any that they have not improved. They are of immense size, and more inclined to lay on fat, especially when not giving milk, than any other breed. They require generous feeding, of course, and are not adapted to regions of short pasture. The Devons would thrive on lands where the short-horns could never attain perfection—where, indeed, they would almost starve.

The Ayrshires are the dairy breed of Scotland. They are of small size, rather smaller than the Herefords, or even the Devons. Size is no object there, the smaller Ayrshires being preferred for the dairy. Where land is light, or if only of medium quality, the Ayrshire is the most valuable, especially in regions where dairy husbandry is pursued. If removed to other and richer soils she grows to larger size, but her milking qualities are injured by the change. The milk of the Ayrshire cow is unsurpassed for consumption in its natural form, as milk, or for the manufacture of cheese. Owing to its richness in casein, the butyraceous particles do not rise through it so readily to the surface and hence though naturally rich and of excellent

quality, it does not throw up so much rich cream in a given length of time as the milk of some other breeds.

The Jersey cow is a native of the Channel Islands, or rather of the islands of Jersey and Alderney, near the coast of France. She has long been celebrated for the richness of her milk and the delicious butter qualities it possesses. No breed surpasses the Jersey in this respect. This breed was first taken from Jersey to the island of Alderney about ninety years ago, and as it first made its appearance in England from that island, it went for many years under the name of Alderney, though the term Jersey is more appropriate. The improvements upon this breed date back only about thirty years, though its high character for the dairy was established long previous, more than a century ago. The island is only eleven miles long by about five and a half wide, and it is divided up into small holdings, but so great is the reputation of its cows that from one thousand to twenty-five hundred are annually exported at great prices. The importation of cows of any other breed is strictly prohibited.

These are the principal breeds to which American farmers have resorted; and as they have exerted a powerful and widely marked influence upon American stock, it seemed proper to allude to them at the outset. Let us take a glance at the importations which mark the progress of improvement in this branch of rural economy.

In the year 1783, three gentlemen of Baltimore, Md., Messrs. Goff, Ringgold, and Patton, sent to England for some of the best cattle that could be found. It is not probable that their minds were fixed upon any distinct breeds; for at that time none of them can be said to have risen into general notoriety, unless it may be the long-horns of Bakewell. The reputation of the short-horns was then scarcely founded. "Hubback," the celebrated male to which the pedigrees of that family are usually traced, was then but six years old. The fame of the Devons and Herefords was chiefly confined to their respective counties. A few animals were received in response to this order; and two years later, in 1785, a male from this importation was taken to Kentucky, followed not long after by another lot of the same stock. It was then known as the "Patton Stock." From that time the improvement of the stock of that State dates; for it became so celebrated that, for many years after, to be said to come from the Patton stock was a sufficient certificate of goodness and character. A part of this importation was called the "milk breed," and another part the "beef breed." The former were probably short-horns, which at that time furnished the milky mothers of the herd; and the latter long-horns, large, coarse, and rough, but slow in maturing. This stock gained a wide reputation, which lasted down to the present day, or certainly to within the memory of men still living.

Colonel Sanders, of Kentucky, sent out for twelve of the finest animals in England in 1817. Six of them were short-horns. The climate and soil of that great State are so admirably adapted to bringing these splendid cattle to perfection, that they were not long in exciting a spirited emulation among the enterprising farmers of Kentucky, which had a most salutary effect, and the southern portions of Ohio soon caught the spirit of improvement in stock from across the river.

Henry Clay, in the same year, 1817, imported four Herefords, two males and two females, into Kentucky, at a cost of \$500. This was the first of the Herefords in that part of the country. They stood their ground, an ornament to Ashland and to the State, for some years; but the popular taste finally settled upon the short-horns as the stock for that region, and they have maintained their high reputation for many years.

A few short-horns were imported into Westchester County, New York, as early as 1792 and 1796, where they were kept pure for some years, but finally became scattered, leaving, however, distinct traces in their descendants there to this day. Other importations of this grand breed were made into New York in 1816 and 1822, and in 1818 "Celebs," a celebrated short-horn, and "Flora," of the same family, came into Massachusetts, where they founded a class of cows known as the "Creampots," on the farm of Col. Samuel Jaques, at Somerville, near Boston. "Flora" was the mother of a large family of fourteen, between 1819 and 1833. In 1818, also, Gorham Parsons, of Brighton, imported "Fortunatus," sometimes called "Holderness," and his descendants were widely disseminated throughout New England.

The same year, also, Theodore Lyman, of Boston, imported a remarkably fine male, which soon went to Maine, where he established a wide-spread reputation, and founded a large family of stock. It was in 1818 that Stephen Williams, of Northboro', Mass., imported the famous "Young Denton," the sire of a large number of remarkable milkers. The success of these importations led to numerous others, the most celebrated of which was that of "Nelson," by W. Pierce, of Greenland, near Portsmouth, N. H., who also brought over the cow "Symmetry," the parents of the great ox

"Americus," whose size became so enormous that he was exhibited about the country as the wonder of the nineteenth century, and afterwards sent to England as the product of American breeding.

In 1824 Mr. Powell, of Philadelphia, began the importation of short-horns, and bred them with success for many years. He held frequent sales, and his stock went into Kentucky, Ohio, and elsewhere. But the great impulse given to the importation of this fine breed was the formation of the Ohio Company for Importing English Cattle in 1834, when the sum of \$9,200 was subscribed in \$100 shares, and agents sent abroad, who brought over nineteen head selected from the most celebrated herds in England. The number was increased till 1836, when they were sold at public auction and scattered extensively over Ohio, and a dividend of \$290 a share was immediately declared, amounting to \$25,760. The following year the company made another extensive importation, which sold rapidly, and resulted in immense benefits to the country.

This rapid glance at some of the earlier importations of short-horns is sufficient to give an idea of the gradually increasing and extending interest and enterprise in breeding this class of cattle. Since 1840 these importations have been so numerous and so frequent that it would be out of place, in this connection, to give them in detail. It is sufficient to say that the best of the choicest and most celebrated herds in England have been brought to this country without regard to cost. A thousand guineas for a single animal has proved no obstacle in the eyes of enterprising men. Five or six thousand dollars, to which the cost of transportation is to be added, have been repeatedly paid, at public sales, in England, for animals that now grace or have graced our American herds, and so successful have these purchases proved, that, in repeated instances, nearly as large amounts have been paid by Englishmen to our own breeders for the same animals, or their progeny, to take back to their native country.

To a person not conversant with matters pertaining to this branch of progressive agriculture these prices seem fabulous, and yet, when closely examined, it will be found that, considered in the light of business transactions alone, they have proved, in many cases, to be judicious investments to the individual, while, at the same time, they have contributed largely to the honor and prosperity of American agriculture. A simple allusion to the statistics of a single State will serve to place this in a striking light.

During the ten or twelve years preceding the outbreak of the rebellion, the live stock of Ohio increased in value, according to official statistics, more than two hundred per cent., while, at the same time, no class of stock in that State increased in numbers, in the same time, so much as one hundred per cent. If it be said that so remarkable an increase must be ascribed to an increase of demand rather than quality of the stock itself, it can be clearly shown that intrinsically better animals superseded the inferior native cattle to a large extent, owing in part to the vastly increased means of communication by railway and the facilities for information consequent upon this increase.

When the great sales of the Ohio Stock Importing Company took place, in 1834, 1836, and 1837, they were hardly accessible to the great mass of cattle-breeders, even of that State, and the stock had acquired a local, rather than a general, reputation. It could hardly be otherwise at that date, so limited were the facilities for travel as compared with those of ten years later. And what is true of Ohio is true of most other great cattle-breeding States of the West.

We propose to allude, in a future paper, to the progress of other breeds in other parts of the country, and to point out the different objects for which cattle are kept.

THE SOUTH AS IT IS.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

XXIV.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Dec. 15, 1865.

GENERAL ELY, the chief officer of the Freedmen's Bureau in Northern South Carolina, is accustomed to make frequent short excursions into the various districts of which he has charge, for the purpose of conferring with the planters and addressing the freedmen. Last week his duties led him out to Edgefield, and I was invited to accompany him. He was also accompanied by an armed orderly, for it is his opinion, based upon personal experience, that an agent of the Bureau is not so safe in the remote and lonely roads as an ordinary traveller. Edgefield Court House is about sixty miles from Columbia, and, as there is no public conveyance, we were to travel on horseback and be absent four days. The morning of departure was close and warm, and we set out with our overcoats strapped to the saddle,

but soon after crossing the Congaree, a small rain began to drizzle down, making the road a little sloppier than before and lending the landscape an aspect still more cheerless. Not much was to be seen but trees, for the part of Lexington District through which we were riding is a desolate region, sandy and thinly settled. In the first five miles we passed several houses undestroyed and the remains of two or three that had been burnt, and then for twenty miles there was slight evidence of human habitation. Such dwellings as we saw were nearly all of the poorest kind, and more properly to be called huts than houses. At one of them we were accosted by a ragged, unwholesome-looking lad, who begged sturdily for money or bread. It was the first case of the kind that had fallen under my observation, but both of my companions spoke of having met with similar instances, the beggar being sometimes a child and sometimes an adult. We rode slowly all day through the wet weather and at evening slower still, for, just as the night set in, very dark and with heavy rain, we turned from the main thoroughfare and travelled through the woods along a less frequented road. After an hour and more a light appeared among the trees, and soon, emerging from the forest, we came into a small clearing whose sandy fields could just be distinguished by their white glimmer amid the surrounding blackness. The light we had seen shone through the open door of a log cabin, and the orderly was sent to find out if there was a stable on the premises and to claim a night's lodging. The name of the general procured us a grudging admission, for the woman's husband was away from home and her accommodations for visitors were of the scantiest sort. She came out with a light-wood torch above her head and scrutinized us: "Gentlemen," she said, "if I let ye put up, and give yer critters some corn, ye'll pay me, won't ye? We're poor folks, and we don't take in strangers, and my husband ar' n't yer." She was assured that our stay should make her no poorer, and, taking courage, she first lighted us out to the stable and then proceeded to prepare supper. Her house contained one room, with an immense fireplace at one end and two beds at the other. It was without a window, but the two doors stood wide open. An uneven floor of bending boards was under foot, and overhead we could see the shingles, for there was no loft. Besides the beds, the furniture consisted of a table, a clock, four chairs, and a spinning-wheel. The loom stood under a shed at the back-door.

At supper we had cakes of flour and water, fried in lard, and a panful of fresh pork, for it is now the time of "saving meat," and pork in some form is a standing dish at all tables. While we ate, the woman stood near making apologies for the poor fare. She reckoned we could n't hardly see, but a piece of light-wood was all the candle she had; our women folks made better roll-cakes than them—they had stoves to cook with; Yankee coffee she could n't offer us, for she'd seen none since the war; and, for a wonder, this remark was not followed by any expression of regret at the deprivation. She'd had to drink cold water in the war, and now she thought she'd stick to it, for she had n't had the sick headache since she left to drink coffee. After supper she talked about her circumstances.

"She did n't know how much land they had; there was forty acres cleared. It was all mighty poor, through that country, for farmin'." She did n't reckon they got three bushels of wheat to the acre, and it was worse yet for corn. Corn was scarce this year, and when they went up on to the ridge to buy, they axed two dollars a bushel and the greenback money they would n't have nohow, but wanted the silver; they said the greenback money would n't be good in no time at all; she thought it was good, but they thought it warn't. They did n't raise cotton, only a little patch, enough for her factory. She spun and wove all the cloth they needed." Then she went and got out three pieces of cotton goods and brought them for our inspection. "That's some o' my factory," she said. "The black dye was got from the oak bark, and there was a bank of dirt right close that would color red and yellow; roast it and it colored a clever red, and take it right natural and it colored yellow. They had n't no great use for store goods—a little salt and tobacco sometimes was about the furdest. They lived within themselves altogether. As for the war, she niver knowed what they brought it on for. Her old man was out o' age for goin', but two of her boys went, and one got killed the 13th day of July was a year, at Petersburg. And what was the rich folks any better? They'd lost all their niggers, and she was mighty glad of it. She wished them and the niggers had been at the bottom o' the sea." The general enquired how the negroes were getting along; if the planters abused them?

"They was mighty few in that settlement," she replied; "and where she lived it was n't any great of a place for news, so she did n't know much about it." She did n't know anything, then, about that preacher up in Edgefield? A negro preacher, it appears, was killed in that district some three weeks since, and the murderer still remains undiscovered. "She had been told about it only the day before," she said. "Now that man—that

Wade—shot up in Newbury, she'd heard about him sooner." This was a case of which the general had heard nothing, and he put many questions in reference to it, without, however, eliciting much information, for she had forgotten the circumstances. A report of it was probably made at the time directly to General Saxton's headquarters in Charleston, and will yet be forwarded to General Ely for his information and action.

At bed-time both beds were given up to us, while the woman and a young girl who was living with her slept on the floor before the fire. Contrary to expectation, we passed a comfortable night, and, after partaking of a breakfast like the supper, willingly paid our hospitable hostess the six dollars which she hesitatingly demanded. She was quite unlearned, and could not read the figures on the Treasury notes.

The day was cold and overcast, and we had a comfortless, muddy ride to Edgefield village. The first few miles of it lay along the Tarbucket Road as the old woman called it, and the country seemed to be worse, if possible—a thirstier sand and more deserted—than what we had seen on the previous day; but after crossing the district boundary, and getting into Edgefield, its appearance became very much better. The houses were handsome and commodious, seeming to be the residences of wealthy men, and the one before us could be seen while the one behind was yet in sight. There was very little wild land. The farm buildings and negro quarters were in good order, and sometimes very numerous. The fences were still standing, and on several plantations the hands were engaged in the winter work of repairing them; and, altogether, this portion of Edgefield appeared to be better improved and thrifter than any district of equal extent that I have yet seen. The surface is level, and the soil is a light loam, which looks well adapted to cotton. This year but little planting has been done, though I saw a few fields in cotton, and passed some houses in which ginning was going on; also a good deal of old cotton was under the screw in process of repacking. On every plantation where short-staple cotton is raised, the screw is a prominent object. Looked at from a little distance, it may be roughly described as presenting the form of a gigantic letter A. The point is at the top of the screw, and some fifteen feet from the ground. A mule is harnessed to the lower end of one of the limbs, and walks in a circle about the central post. The cotton-bag is placed on a raised platform between the limbs, and the screw descending, a great quantity of the lint is pressed into a small compass. At one place which we passed, relays of women were substituted for the mules; one would run round once or twice, then another would take her place, and the old planter stood by to superintend.

As we rode along, the general was repeatedly stopped to answer questions: sometimes it would be a planter enquiring if he should divide the crop among the people, or if a soldier would be sent out for that purpose; but oftener it would be a negro enquiring if he was obliged to work another year on the plantation where he now lives, or was at liberty to seek work anywhere, or complaining that his master would make no new contract with him, but said that after January negroes would be willing to take lower wages, and he should hire nobody till then. Some expressed themselves satisfied with the treatment they had been receiving, but many charged their employers with having violated the contracts made last summer. Several of the men, after it seemed that all their questions had been answered, would still walk along eagerly asking more, and evidently anxious to ascertain their position and prospects. The enquiries and statements often revealed a total misconception of rights and duties, sometimes on the part of the laborer and sometimes on the part of the employer. From what he heard, the general seemed to conclude that free labor has less chance of a fair trial in Edgefield, and that the negro may look for more injustice there, than in most other parts of the State. The district is extensive and less remote from the main lines of travel. It was never occupied by the federal army, and its many large and fertile plantations, owned by men still rich, stand ready for cultivation unchanged and uninjured by the war. As it seems to the people, therefore, more easily possible to preserve the old order of things, and as the material inducements are greater, it may be reasonably suspected that the desire to do so is stronger there than elsewhere. To me, however, it seems not different from other parts of South Carolina.

We reached Edgefield village a little after dark, and were received by the captain of the garrison, who made us welcome at his quarters in the county jail. Notice had been previously given that the general would address the freedmen on the following day, and already they had begun to come in from the neighboring country. A score or two were waiting in the court-house square as we rode through it. I slept in the rambling old tavern at a corner where two roads entered the square, and, being kept awake by the curs beneath the window, who challenged each passer-by, I could hear the people still arriving, one by one, up to a late hour in the night and in crowds after three o'clock. Before eight o'clock more than a thousand

had come in, and the number increased afterwards to two thousand. Most were on foot, but some had ridden in; and several whom I asked said their masters wanted all the boys to hear what the general thought, and had loaned them the animals. All were in their best clothes, and, despite the depressing influence of the weather, the crowd was in very good spirits, filling the square with the noise of laughter and salutations, though on some faces there was an expression of expectation and some of the hand-shaking was done with solemnity. The landlord, an irascible old man, was much displeased at the sight.

"Aha!" said he. "Oh, they've come now. Look at 'em. Now they're to get their half o' the land and the stock."

"You do n't think they expect that?" I said.

"Don't?" he answered. "Well, now, I'll tell you. If the general do n't tell them cusses they're to have their share o' our land and hosses and everything else, you'll see a hell of a row to-day. They'll turn their backs on him right here in this square, and there'll be a hell of a row, as sure 's you're born. They do n't expect nothin' else but they're to have a half."

Before the address was delivered, the general sat in the midst of a throng of people listening to the recital of their grievances and giving them advice. One good-looking yellow man, about thirty years old, waited some time for his turn to speak, and then told this story: He lived on a plantation ten miles from the court-house, and was a stiller by trade. The white people round about had been saying that the negroes there had guns—Government muskets, of which there are said to be many through the country. On Saturday last, J. R. and fourteen others of the home-guard, with a Yankee soldier, came down to the place and said they were searching for United States arms. He knew this federal soldier, for the man had once come to him and begged a drink of brandy, "which I gave it to the gentleman freely, and was proud to do it." This soldier told him the guard had a right to search, and were acting in obedience to orders, and then rode away and left him with them. They demanded his gun. He had none, he told them, and for some time they persisted in the demand and he in the denial. At last one said, "I'll get it out of him," and, going away for a few minutes, returned with a chain. With this they hung him "till I lost my sense, and when I come to a good understandin', they asked me 'would I give up the gun, now?' and I told them, 'Gentlemen, I got no gun.'" Hung up again, and again restored to consciousness, he made the same reply as before, and was hung for the third time. Then they stripped off his clothes and gave him a severe beating, of which the marks were still to be seen upon his body, as well as those of the chain upon his throat and neck. "I told them the truth," he said, "for I had n't got any arms. These here is all the arms I has got. And yet they put me to death three times. Which, if I had ha' knowed how easy death was, I would n't ha' feared it so. And I do n't expect they're agoin' to let me live now I made this complain to you, gineral; but they may kill me for good as soon as they chooses." Here he began to cry. "Which I has n't got anything in the world but myself, for I has n't got any family, nor any parents, nor any land, nor any money, and I know I is not to be any worse off in the grave than I is now."

Two other cases of hanging were reported, names were taken, and an investigation ordered. The home-guard, or militia, is now organized in most of the districts. It has its own officers, but is in the control of the federal commander, and can perform such duties only as are confided to it by him.

The general's speech was, of course, listened to with the utmost attention. He told them, and they heard it with expressions of satisfaction, that it was their right to establish schools for the education of their children; that they were free to meet together for religious worship; that they might seek work wherever they chose; but that a contract once made must be strictly observed. If the employer broke it, he must be sued and made to do justice; and if the laborer broke it, he must expect to be sued and to lose his wages. A negro's oath would be good as a white man's in all the courts, and in all respects he was now a free man. Honesty, industry, and chastity would give them a good name; and though they could not expect to become rich or well educated in one year nor in two, yet their condition would be all the time improving, and many of them would live to see their race happy and prosperous. The negro owned the labor, and the planter owned the land; each needed the other, and each must be just to the other. If any freedman wanted land, he must earn money enough to purchase it; the Government had none to give away. It was plainly evident that this part of the address caused disappointment. The faces of the audience showed it; but nothing was said, and they listened with the same patient attention and anxious endeavor to understand every word that they had evinced from the beginning. It was explained to them that one of the Union generals had made a promise of land to the freedmen, but that nobody knew at that time of war what the Government might see fit to do when peace

came. It had since been decided that the former owners of land should retain it, and now the United States had no land to give away. Then advice was given them in reference to making contracts for next year, and they were cautioned to sign nothing that they did not understand. It would be best to make the agreement in presence of a federal officer.

The rain had been falling throughout the time of speaking, and at the conclusion of it the square was immediately emptied, for some of the people had twenty miles to travel. There was no disturbance, except that a drunken man, who cursed the Yankees at the top of his voice, and could not be kept quiet by admonitions, was lodged in jail till the meeting broke up. The weather was such as to prevent a large concourse of the planters; but a few were present, who sat in their carriages on the outskirts of the crowd.

In the afternoon, taking to our horses again, we rode back some twenty-five miles on our way to Columbia, being accompanied by the garrison commander, who was to sit on a court-martial, and at night, dripping wet, reached the house of a wealthy planter, at whose hands we received a most hospitable welcome. He was an elderly man, living alone in a great house full of bare, dismantled rooms—Liberty Hall it might have been styled from the manner of its housekeeping—and waited upon by a crowd of male and female servants. Fires were lighted at which to dry our clothes, a plentiful supper of pork and corn bread was prepared, and we were bidden to make ourselves completely at home. On going to bed a barefooted mulatto woman carried a whiskey-bottle and glasses from chamber to chamber, and in the morning it was brought to us again as soon as we had risen. "Dem boys do jest what they please," the servant said, in apologizing for the absence of light-wood, and master himself had to follow them all the time if he wanted anything. Besides our party there were four or five other chance guests in one part of the house or another. All were bountifully provided for, and I saw, not without surprise, none were allowed to pay for their lodging. I suppose the negroes on this plantation can hardly be taken as a fair sample of those living about them, for they seemed to live perfectly at ease and uncontrolled. One of them, whom his master laughingly introduced as "the old Adam, the preacher on the place," walked into the parlor after supper, and informed the general that some of the boys had been up to the village that day to hear the speaking. They were dissatisfied with it. The advice he had been giving them all along was precisely the same as what they had now heard from the general, but they could not be content. He would like to hear better what the general had to say, and then he could use his influence over his fellow-servants.

"I offer them a third of the crop," said Mr. N., "as Adam can tell you, and I believe that's what you advise, general; but they say that won't do at all. I believe they think they own the plantation. You're their best friend, they all know, and I'm very glad you've come down this way."

So, for some minutes, the general conversed with the old preacher, who seemed very sensible of the honor conferred upon him, and felt confident that now he could keep the people in good order. They were good boys, but they did n't know.

After getting into bed, I was called on by a gentleman, like myself a guest in the house, whose visits to the sideboard had been too frequent, and who now walked into my room and took a seat before the fire. "Some men," he said, "is dreadful ornery. Beats the Dutch what ornery men'll run for the legislature. Now I've got thirty-five workin' niggers; nor they ha'n't been corrected much, nuther; but they do jest as well to-day as they ever done. I'll go home, and I'll skin one o' them cusses, and he'll say it's all right; for, you see, he knows I'll treat him like a man. You see I never let myself down to 'em." They a'n't in and out o' my house, and just as good as I am, and doin' what they please. The worst niggers now is two kinds o' niggers—them that was cut and lashed and knocked about befo', and them that never was under rule. Them's the mean niggers now." I was too sleepy for conversation, and he soon left me to myself.

On the following day, an uneventful ride of thirty-five miles brought us to the banks of the Congaree, which was swollen and red from the heavy rains. The rope-ferry, however, was able to take us across, and in a few minutes we were riding among the ruins of Columbia.

Correspondence.

FARRER'S WATER-COLORS

ASHFIELD, January 1, 1866.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

DEAR SIR: In the criticism of my drawing which appeared in your last number, there is one paragraph which I feel bound, in justice to myself, of notice.

The summing-up of the criticism is in these words: "The inevitable tendency of this sort of work is shown by the little drawing of three eggs. Each egg is rounded with great subtlety of gradation into its complete form. But, in doing this, the painter has been compelled to lower the tone of the whole, and they are not white eggs that we have. That they were meant to be, the high light seems to show."

Now, they were *not* meant for white eggs. The central one was, as it appears in the drawing, *white*; but the other two were the pale buff color always to be found in any large number of city eggs.

I would not trouble you with this were it not that, in criticisms that profess to be accurate and just, and which help to form public opinion, any misstatement is important.

I am, sincerely yours,

THOMAS C. FARRER.

SHAKESPEARE AND CARLYLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Readers of the fifth volume of Carlyle's "Frederick" will observe a passage which seems to throw a curious light on a much puzzled-over line of Shakespeare, and gives support to a keen guess of R. G. White. The line is in *Diana's* speech in "All's Well that Ends Well."

"I see that men make ropes (hopes?) in such a *scarre*
That we'll forsake ourselves."

White observes that somewhere in Dodsley's "Old Plays" the word "*scarre*" seems to occur in the sense of tumult or quarrel, but that the editor treats it simply as a misprint for "*scarce*." Compare therewith the sentence, "Derangés par cette '*escarre*,'" in Montcalm's letter, where "*escarre*" evidently means violent and sudden attack. The letter is so very minute a prophecy as to be very possibly written after the event; but that makes it none the worse authority for the word. This reading ("*escarre*" for "*a scarce*") gives most obvious and intelligible meaning to the line, "Men hope that by sudden and violent attack like this we shall be won to surrender without cause."

S. T.

Literature.

LITERARY NOTES.

A NEW work by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton is among the latest book announcements in London, to be called "The Lost Tales of Miletus," a title that certainly savors of a bull, as, if the tales are "lost," how comes it that Sir Bulwer Lytton can publish them? The nature of the work may be predicated with some probability from the name. The Milesians had the credit, among the continental Greeks, of being the first Hellenic people who cultivated fiction, and are supposed to have derived the taste from the neighboring Asiatic nations. The "Tales of Miletus" that they invented were considered the earliest specimens of fictitious narrative. The tales thus invented, and of which the name has become so celebrated, have all perished. There is little known of them except that they were the "Facetiae" of antiquity and not of a very moral tendency—a feature that we may be sure the literary baronet will not reproduce. Sir Edward's new publisher is Mr. John Murray, a fact rather curious, as this house has steadily kept aloof from being connected with works of fiction, and the author's relations with Messrs. Blackwood & Sons—in whose magazine most of his late works have first appeared—have hitherto been of a very intimate nature.

—Among the curiosities of the press in England arising from the instances of the indulgence of particular tastes by wealthy individuals, who publish for their own gratification without the expectation of a pecuniary return, is a huge and handsomely printed quarto on the science of aerostation, entitled "*Astra Castra*," or adventures in the atmosphere. It consists of a collection of everything that could be found relating to the navigation of the air, from *Dædalus* down to the present time. The accounts are merely put together in chronological order, from various sources, and are accompanied by two hundred fac-similes of portraits, views, hand-bills, tickets, etc., and everything odd and out-of-the-way connected with the subject that time has spared for the curious collector. Some facts of interest may be gathered from the mass. It is calculated that the number of aeronauts may be approximately taken at fifteen hundred and the ascents at about ten thousand, while the number of deaths or fatal accidents have only been fifteen, a result quite at variance with the current ideas of the danger incurred, and a very small number in comparison with those arising from marine navigation. The longest aerial voyage on record is credited to America—Mr. Wise having

flown from St. Louis towards New York, a distance of 1,150 miles, in less than twenty hours.

—The "Gentleman's Magazine" commences a new stage of existence at the ripe age of one hundred and thirty-four years, by a singular move from its old quarters. It is in future to be published by Messrs. Bradbury & Evans, whose names have been widely spread as the proprietors and publishers of *Punch*. The new editor is said to be a Mr. Edward Walford, author of some genealogical compilations, etc. A larger space than formerly is to be devoted to belles-lettres and current literature of all kinds, fiction and politics alone being excluded, while due attention will be paid to the "obituary" and other distinguishing features of the journal.

—A remarkable work in the department of American history is about to see the light after a seclusion lasting for the greater part of a century. We refer to a "Loyalist History of the American Revolution," particularly in the Province of New York. It was written by Judge Thomas Jones, a member of the family of that name so famous in our juridical annals, who occupied the highest station in the Supreme Court of the Province previous to the Revolution, and who presided at the famous trial of the Trinity Church case. The manuscript fills five folio volumes, neatly written in the autograph of the author, and will probably, with the necessary editorial matter, make the same number of octavos. The MS. came by marriage into the possession of the Delancy family. So different was the feeling even in recent days from that which now prevails that it was carefully kept out of sight, and not allowed to be consulted, as being a work that would create mischief and ill-feeling, from the facts recorded by the author bearing on the reputation of many popular favorites. There is no doubt historic truth will gain—not lose—by an exhibition of the contrary side of a well-known story. Time has softened the asperities that formerly embittered the discussion of political questions. New facts will be warmly welcome, from whatever source they may come. Judge Jones's history will be edited by Mr. Henry B. Dawson, editor of the "Federalist," and author of various works on the Revolutionary history of the United States, all testifying to the appropriateness of the selection.

—The origin and early history of printing—a subject that never loses its attraction as the groundwork of literary and artistic research—receives much elucidation from an elaborate work on "The History of Block Printing, and the Early History of Engraving before Albert Dürer," just completed by Mr. T. O. Weigel, the famous old book collector and seller of Leipzig, who has for many years been engaged in amassing materials necessary for its investigation. His object has been to examine the relation of typography to the sister-arts of engraving and wood-cutting, and to show how they mutually illustrate one another's progress. He brings forward evidence to prove that the art of engraving was first practised in Germany, and thence transplanted to Italy. The same priority is claimed for Germany in all that relates to the discovery of printing over the pretensions of Holland, where no specimens have been found that date previous to 1460, and indubitable evidence is brought forward to corroborate the just pretension of John Gutenberg to be considered the inventor of printing with movable types in the city of Mentz. Mr. Weigel's work is so richly illustrated that it forms a complete history of the graphic arts, their invention and cultivation during the fifteenth century, embellished throughout by the art monuments of the Weigel collection. These are given in a series of nearly two hundred fac-similes of the most perfect execution, representing prints on woven fabrics, metal engravings, wood-cuts, playing-cards, Niellos, etc., etc. The work is comprised in two volumes folio, three hundred and twenty-five copies only being printed, a large portion of which are already subscribed for at the English price of twelve guineas each.

—From a list of the ages of living English writers, given in Gutch's "Literary and Scientific Register" for 1866, we select some respecting whom most interest is felt in this country, as—Matthew Arnold, 41; Wilkie Collins, 42; John Ruskin, 47; Rev. Charles Kingsley, 47; Captain Mayne Reid, 48; George Henry Lewes, 49; Tom Taylor, 49; William Howard Russell, 50; Anthony Trollope, 51; Charles Reade, 52; Robert Browning, 54; Charles Dickens, 54; Alfred Tennyson, 57; Sir Archibald Alison, 56; William E. Gladstone, 56; Charles Lever, 59; Rev. F. D. Maurice, 61; Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, 61; Benjamin Disraeli, 61; Barry Cornwall, 67; Samuel Lover, 68; Thomas Carlyle, 70; William Howitt, 71; Dean Milman, 75; Charles Knight, 74; John Payne Collier, 77; and the Nestor of the tribe, Lord Brougham, 86. There is no similar enumeration of the ages of literary ladies, as statistics on the subject are very difficult of attainment.

—"English Travellers and Italian Brigands: A Narrative of Capture and Captivity," is the title of a work announced by Mr. William Moens, the English gentleman—a member of the Stock Exchange—whose adventures

among the brigands, from whom his fate was long in suspense, cannot be wanting in interest of the most thrilling kind, if he is able to reproduce on paper the experience he must have endured. It will be remembered how long the negotiations for his ransom were in progress, and were conducted with almost diplomatic formality. Mr. Moens's book will be in two volumes post octavo, with illustrations. Its publishers are Messrs. Hurst & Blackett, who promise speedily the second volume of Miss Meteyard's beautifully illustrated "Life of Josiah Wedgwood;" "Religious Life on the Continent," by Mrs. Oliphant, author of the "Life of Edward Irving," etc.; "The Life and Letters" of the unfortunate Lady Arabella Stuart, including numerous original and unpublished documents, by Emily Cooper; "Social Life in Florence," by Count Charles Arrivabene; "From Cadet to Colonel: The Record of a Life of Active Service," by Major-General Sir Thomas Seaton; "Sport and Sportsmen," a book of recollections, by Charles Stretton, Esq.; "Memoirs and Correspondence of Field-Marshal Viscount Combermere" (better known during the Peninsular Campaign as the famous cavalry officer, Sir Stapleton Cotton), from his family papers, with portrait and illustrations; and a new novel, called "A Noble Life," by the late Miss Muloch.

—M. Topfer's "Voyage in Zig-Zag," a style of travelling narrative where the pencil plays a more important part than the pen, was the prototype of what seems destined to become a special class of literature. The world renowned "Foreign Tour of Brown, Jones, and Robinson" is the best known of its imitators. Another successful attempt was published last year, "How We Spent the Summer in Switzerland," and the authoress, encouraged by its reception, announces "Beaten Tracks; or, Pen and Pencil Sketches in Italy," in one volume quarto, with two hundred illustrations, describing a journey in North Italy during the last spring, and giving a history of the Dante festival and other Italian *fêtes*, modern Florence as a new capital, the social habits and manners of the people, its king, the customs of the peasantry, etc. The best specimen of this combination of the sketch-book and journal produced here is Mr. Strothers's (*Porte Crayon*) illustrated Tour in Virginia and the Southern States, which came out in "Harper's Magazine," and was collected in a volume that will grow in value with time.

—The projectors of the well-known beautiful "Golden Treasury Series" show a laudable desire to enlarge the narrow boundaries that confine most similar collections to the wearisome "standard authors," that we already possess in every variety of form or shape, by the choice of their new volume; it is "The Republic of Plato," translated into English, with analysis and notes, by J. Llewellyn Davies, M.A., and D. J. Vaughan, M.A., with vignette portraits of Plato and Socrates, engraved from an antique gem. As a concession to popular taste, we suppose, its companion volume is "The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe," edited from the original editions by J. W. Clark, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, with vignette title by Millais.

—A new process of engraving, from which important results are expected on the score of fidelity to the artist's drawings, has lately been discovered and is already beginning to be used for art purposes. It is well known that when the most accomplished artist makes the most elaborate drawing on wood, he is dependent for its execution on the engraver, who often, to gratify his own notions of effect or to save trouble, does not spare the finished touches of the draughtsman, but cuts them all away in his rendering of the drawing. By the new process the subject is drawn on a prepared slab of stone, with a composition which hardens it as it is used, by some chemical combination, so as to form almost a metallic surface. When the face of the stone is lightly chiselled over, and the plain surface removed, every stroke of the drawing remains in relief, and is printed from at once without the intervention of any other medium. An embellished edition of Dr. Watts's "Hymns for Children," illustrated by the new graphotype engraving process, is already announced by W. Holman Hunt, Carl Thomas, J. D. Watson, etc.

—Several books of interest appear in the announcements of the French publishers, including the second volume of M. Louis Blanc's "Lettres sur L'Angleterre," a translation of which was promised, but has not yet appeared; the first series of a work by M. Figuier, the well-known historian of science, "Vies des Savants Illustrés depuis l'Antiquité jusqu'à XIX Siècle, avec l'appréciation de leurs travaux," a plan that, if properly carried out, certainly "cuts out" employment for a lifetime; "Les Antonins, un Etude Historique," by the Comte de Champagne, in continuation of his "Les Césars;" and "Du Spitzberg au Sahara," by Prof. Charles Martius, sketches of a naturalist in Lapland, Scotland, Switzerland, Egypt, and Algeria.

—Professor Owen's great and long-promised work on the "Comparative Anatomy and Physiology of the Vertebrate Animals" is at last ready for

publication. It will consist of three volumes, the first one to appear on December 14, the second on the 1st of March next, and the third during the spring. It will be illustrated with upwards of twelve hundred engravings on wood, which have required a long period of time for their execution. The work will be issued by Messrs. Longmans, who also announce several new books, including "Letters of Ludwig von Beethoven," edited and translated by the same authors who have lately brought out the letters of Mozart—Dr. Nohl and Lady Wallace; "Life of Isambard Kingdom Brunel," the eminent engineer, by his son; "Sketch of the Life of Pastor Fliedner, of Kaiserswerth," translated by Miss Caroline Wentworth, to whom English readers owe their acquaintance with the "Lyra Germanica" and other valuable works; Mr. Gerald Massey's "Shakespearian Sonnets never before interpreted, with Sketches of his Private Friends, and a recovered Likeness of the Man" (already mentioned in our columns); and a new work by Mr. Frederick Maretin, compiler of the "Statesman's Year Book," to which it forms a companion. It is entitled "The Commercial Year Book for 1866," and will contain copious classified tables of the imports and exports of Great Britain for the last three years down to the date of the latest returns, arranged so as to form a complete synopsis of British commerce, rendered easy of consultation by an alphabetical index, etc.

—Still another new periodical is announced for the 1st of the present month, to be published by Messrs. Jackson & Walford, under the title of "The Pulpit Analyst," a monthly magazine designed for preachers, students, and teachers, edited by Joseph Parker, D.D. It has probably been started on account of the great success of "The Homilist," a magazine covering partly the same ground, and having a large number of subscribers in the United States. It will contain discourses on divine revelation as related to human consciousness and experience, a homiletic analysis of the New Testament, an interlinear translation of the gospels and epistles, outlines of sermons, hints to youthful preachers, and other matters relating to ministerial study, service, and success.

—Many of the streets of Paris are being re-named according not to chance, as elsewhere, but to a system which seeks among the celebrated men of the country for the necessary names. Literary notabilities form an important portion of them, and the following are some who will shortly be commemorated in this manner:—Villehardouin, the chronicler of the fourth crusade, Alam Chartier, the poet of Normandy, La Fontaine, Cujacius, the celebrated jurist, etc., etc. The names are not applied at random, but are given to quarters where the celebrities were born, or which they helped to illustrate.

—Shakespeare enthusiasts are preparing to search in Spain for matters tending to illustrate the great dramatist. Subscriptions are being raised to form a fund for the purpose. It is supposed that the despatches of the Spanish envoys in London, between 1590 and 1616, may contain valuable matter illustrative of the drama and the stage, as scarcely anything either private or public escaped their notice or was passed without mention in their minutely detailed reports. Mr. Halliwell, who heartily favors the scheme, mentions the rumor of the existence of what would be an article of great curiosity, a copy of the first folio Shakespeare of 1623, formerly belonging to Count Gondemar, the famous Spanish ambassador to England in the reign of James I., filled with MS. notes and additions of the period. This, he was informed by the celebrated Spanish scholar Señor Gayangos, was lately preserved in the Casa del Sol at Valladolid.

—The most industrious and laborious bibliographer of the present age, or probably of any other, Joseph Marie Quérard, died at Paris on December 1, at the age of sixty-eight. His life was devoted to his favorite pursuit. He found it, however, anything but a lucrative one, and was indebted to the patronage of a Russian nobleman for the means of bringing out many of his works. His chief productions were "La France Littéraire," a record of French literature, chiefly during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, of unexampled accuracy and fulness of detail, in ten volumes octavo; and "Les Supercheries Littéraires Dévoilées," in five volumes octavo, an account of the apocryphal, disguised, and fictitious names and books in French literature, and of the authors who have gained credit under false pretences. A work of this nature was certain to provoke many enemies. M. Quérard, however, was engaged in bringing out a new edition of it at the time of his death. His discretion bore no proportion to the zeal and laborious energy of his character. Several of his projects of the highest value in literary history and bibliography could never be realized from the impossibility of confining his works within due bounds. His life has been a stormy one, embittered by the want of the patronage of the Government, whose administrators failed to recognize the unquestionable merits that should have secured to M. Quérard the facilities for the prosecution of his labors that an official station

connected with some of the numerous public libraries of the capital would have given him. He was born at Rennes, in Brittany, and had devoted more than half a century to the exclusive study of French literature, respecting which a vast quantity of knowledge of the most curious kind must die with him.

—The new professor of English language and literature appointed by the council of University College, London, in the chair of Prof. Masson, vacated by his transference to Edinburgh, is Mr. Henry Morley, a well-known writer in many branches of literature. Mr. Morley has been a regular contributor to *Household Words*, *All the Year Round*, and other periodicals. One or two collections of his papers have been published separately. His biographical and critical monographs, "Palissy the Potter," "Jerome Cardan," "Cornelius Agrippa," show research and learning. The last book he has published, "English Writers before Chaucer," more immediately applies to the subject of his new professorship. It is the first of a series intended to embrace the critical history of early English literature. Though not to be compared in range of original information or power of thought with the "Early English Language and Literature" of Hon. George P. Marsh, it is a creditable performance, and will extend the knowledge of an important branch of study.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.*

MR. BOWLES was one of the party which accompanied Mr. Schuyler Colfax in his trip across the Continent to the Pacific coast. They started from Kansas towards the end of May, made their way by stage through Colorado and along the base of the Rocky Mountains over the great mail route to Utah. Thence over the Sierra into California; from Northern California to Oregon and Vancouver's Island; thence down the coast to San Francisco, and home by the Isthmus of Panama. The excursion lasted four months. Mr. Bowles was, probably, a careful note-taker; he is certainly a careful observer, and the result of his observations is the thick octavo before us.

The first thing that strikes one on dipping into the volume is the small amount of knowledge possessed by the general public on the last of the regions which Mr. Bowles describes. We venture to say that to nine persons out of every ten into whose hands it falls it will have almost as much of the charm of novelty as Palgrave's "Arabia." What makes the novelty in this case all the more piquant is that the scene of our author's rambles was not beyond the sea or under foreign skies, but in the American Union; that he slept over night under the star-spangled banner and the protection of the common law, and might have been "brought up" under a writ of habeas corpus from the day he left Springfield until he got back, barring the time spent in the homeward trip across the Isthmus.

That so little should be known in the East about the Pacific coast, and even the middle region which lies between us and it, is at first sight, considering the crowds of emigrants who are constantly either going or returning, almost incomprehensible; but a little reflection makes it plain enough. Most of those who cross the plains are adventurers, with whom the world on this side has either dealt hardly or not so well as, in their opinion, they merited, and their whole attention from the moment they start is concentrated on the task of repairing or building up their fortunes. Nothing which does not seem likely to have some bearing on this possesses much interest for them at the outset, and there are, doubtless, very few who, after a few years' residence in the West, find many traces of a philosophic turn left in their composition. The feverish, fretful, eager life which nearly every man leads in the great mining regions is ill calculated to foster a taste for critical examinations or descriptions of the condition or prospects of the society which surrounds him. In fact, Mr. Bowles states that Mr. Colfax's party were "the first who ever travelled across the continent simply to see the country, study its resources, to learn its people and their wants." He adds, moreover, "that the idea of such a thing was strange to the people along their route." They could not understand it, and many were never entirely disabused of the belief that, in spite of their fine pretences, they were in reality what is, in mining lingo, called "bummers." It is not surprising, therefore, that, until the appearance of this of Mr. Bowles, there was not a single book which could be fairly called a description of the Pacific coast.

From it we confess we have risen, in spite of its numerous literary blemishes, with a sense of keen regret that it was not twice the size. It has many of the defects of style which might be expected in a book made up mainly of letters written literally *currente calamo* to a newspaper; and amidst all the fatigue and discomfort of a most laborious journey. Mr.

Bowles has not used the pruning-hook as vigorously as we could have desired. But he is never dull and never commonplace; is very often really eloquent. His observations on the moral and material condition and prospects of the communities through which he passes are always acute, in the great majority of cases original, and often profound. His descriptions of scenery are admirable, and he has the rare gift of knowing when he has given the reader enough of them. There is no other account of the Yo Semite Valley, or of the scenery and atmospheric effects of the plains and mountains and rivers of the western coast, which can at all compare to his. His sketches of manners are excellent so far as they go, but he does not frequently indulge in them. In fact, his allusions to individuals and accounts of personal adventure form but the background of his narrative. We have no doubt he has in his memory or his note-book enough of this kind of material to furnish Dumas with materials for four quarto volumes.

The themes to which he devotes most of his space are the Pacific Railroad, the mining enterprises of the West, and the Mormons. In fact, the acquisition of materials for a sound judgment on these subjects seems to have been the main object of the journey. Everything else was apparently subsidiary, and the importance of what he says on these three great political and economical themes cannot be well overrated. His warnings and admonitions on the necessity of a rapid completion of the Pacific Railroad, with which, up to the present, only the slowest progress has been made, are very valuable. He shows that five years of steady labor would complete the whole work from end to end, and he calls on the Government to lend its hand not as a mere act of kindness to the dwellers on the Pacific coast, but as a measure of political expediency of the highest order. It has to be borne in mind that the settlement of the region west of the Rocky Mountains really began less than twenty years ago; that nearly every active native American member of the civilized communities now established there was born and bred in the East, and is bound to the older States by the ties of family and education and youthful associations; that he has drawn from the East his manners and ideas, and that the social differences between us and the transmontane population are really thus far simply modifications wrought by external circumstances. What hold we shall have upon the next generation, which, separated from us and from the whole civilized world by a vast wilderness, will know nothing of us except what it picks from the newspapers, and upon which we shall exert little influence except through merely literary channels if the railroad be not soon completed, remains to be seen, and upon this point Mr. Bowles's forebodings are evidently gloomy enough. In fact, it is difficult to over-estimate the political mischief that may result from allowing the Pacific States to remain much longer in their present position of isolation. The Union sentiment there is still strong, very strong; but the men who comprise those States now are men of Eastern birth. It may be wise not to rely too much on traditions for preserving the fidelity of their sons.

The civilizing and Christianizing influence of the road, too, would be immense. The republic has suffered already—and we say this while thoroughly appreciating the value of the share which the West has had and is having in the formation of the national character—from the extraordinarily rapid growth of new communities along our Western border, composed mainly of men removed from the social and religious restraints which exist in the older States. Their influence on our literature, oratory, and manners has not been elevating or refining, and it would have been vastly better for them and for the country had circumstances made the growth of these communities slower, and thus allowed women to take a more prominent part in building them up, and the ideas and manners of the older States to retain a stronger and larger hold on them. But no community to the east of the mountains has ever been so completely cut off from the rest of the world, or been compelled to work out its own salvation with so little aid from the culture and experience of the older States, as those now springing up on the Pacific coast. In fact, the Pacific Railroad, enormous as is the work it would do in developing the mineral and agricultural resources of the West, would do a still greater work as a civilizer, educator, and social reformer. Mr. Bowles says:

"To feel the importance of the Pacific Railroad, to measure the urgency of its early completion, to become impatient with Government and contractor at every delay in the work, you must come across the plains and the mountains to the Pacific coast. Then you will see half a continent waiting for its vivifying influences. You will witness a boundless agriculture, fickle and hesitating for lack of the regular markets this would give. You will find mineral wealth, immeasurable, locked up, wastefully worked, or gambled away, until this shall open to it abundant labor, cheap capital, wood, water, science, ready oversight, steadiness of production—everything that shall make mining a certainty and not a chance. You will find the world's commerce with India and China eagerly awaiting its opportunities.

* "Across the Continent: A Summer's Journey to the Rocky Mountains, the Mormons, and the Pacific States, with Speaker Colfax." By Samuel Bowles, Editor of the *Springfield Republican*. Springfield, Mass.: Samuel Bowles & Co. 1862.

You will see an illimitable field for manufactures unimproved for want of its stimulus and its advantages. You will feel hearts breaking, see morals struggling slowly upward against odds, know that religion languishes; feel, see, and know that all the sweetest and finest influences and elements of society and Christian civilization hunger and suffer for the lack of this quick contact with the parent and fountain of all our national life.

"It is touching to remember that between plains and Pacific, in country and on coast, on the Columbia, on the Colorado, through all our long journey, the first question asked of us by every man and woman we have met, whether rich or poor, high or humble, has been, 'When do you think the Pacific Railroad will be done?' or, 'Why do n't or won't the Government, now the war is over, put the soldiers to building this road?' and their parting appeal and injunction, as well, 'Do build this Pacific Road for us as soon as possible; we wait, everything waits for that.' Tender-eyed women, hard-fisted men, pioneers or missionaries, the martyrs and the successful, all alike feel and speak this sentiment. It is the hunger, the prayer, the hope of all these people. Hunger and prayer and hope for 'Home,' and what home can bring them, in cheap and ready passage to and from, of reunion with, parent and brother and sister and friend, of sight of old valley and mountain and wood, of social influence, of æsthetic elevation, of worldly stimulus and prosperity. 'Home,' they all here call the East. It is a touching and pathetic, though almost unconscious, tribute. Such an one 'is going home next spring; 'I hope to go home another year; 'When I was home last; 'I have never been home since I came out; 'I am afraid I shall never go home again;—these and kindred phrases are the current forms of speech. Home is not here, but there. The thought of home is ever rolled, like a sweet morsel, under the tongue of their souls.

"Here is large appeal both to the sympathy and foresight of the Eastern States. Here is present bond of union and means for perpetuating it. To build the railroad, and freshen recollection and renew association of the original emigrants, and to bind by travel and contact the children here with the homes and lives and loves of their parents there: this is the cheapest, surest, and sweetest way to preserve our nationality and continue the republic a unit from ocean to ocean. A sad and severe trial will ensue to the Union if a generation grows up here that 'knows not Joseph.' The centrifugal forces will ever be in hot action between the far-separated eastern and western sections of the nation. First among the centripetal powers is the Pacific Railroad, and every year of its delay increases tenfold its burden; every year's postponement weakens in equal degree the influences here by which it shall operate."

Of the mines Mr. Bowles says much, most of which we should like to quote, if space permitted it. The sum and substance of it is, that all mining, and particularly gold and silver mining, is very like a lottery; that people with but little money, and the loss of which would be a serious matter to them, had better keep clear of them; that by far the larger portion of the schemes brought into the Eastern market are worthless, and are got up by speculators whose sole thought is to get companies organized for the purpose of selling the shares; that capitalists who can afford to invest in Western mines should only do so after careful investigation by well-qualified men, in whose perfect honesty, as well as knowledge, penetration, and cautiousness, they have sound ground for confidence; and that they should send out one of their own number to oversee expenditures and direct the financial operations after the work begins. Mr. Bowles supports his conclusions on these points by the testimony of many of the oldest, most respected, and experienced scientific men, capitalists, and miners of California and Nevada. The Colorado mines he rates more highly than either those of California or Nevada. He says:

"Looking back over our mining experiences, and taking the average testimony of each district as equally reliable, I find myself impressed with the superior richness of the Colorado gold mines. Their ore averaged as uniformly one hundred dollars a ton as that of Nevada, either Austin or Virginia, or of California, does fifty dollars. The extraction is not as complete, because of the more intricate nature of the precious deposits; but means to overcome this, though perhaps at enlarged cost, seemed successfully initiated while we were there."

Of the Mormons Mr. Bowles has much to say; little that is new by way of description of manners, but his position with Mr. Colfax gave him unusual facilities for getting at the real feelings of the Mormon leaders towards the United States Government, and to draw from the knowledge thus acquired some unusually valuable inferences as to what the federal policy towards this singular community ought to be. He is satisfied that if the Pacific Railroad were once completed, the tide of emigration from the East would beat so heavily on the Mormon stronghold that its outworks, at least polygamy, which he considers only an outwork, would go down before it rapidly. But in the meantime he has little doubt that a firm and vigorous policy on the part of the Government would secure the immediate overthrow of this hideous abuse. He thinks neither the leaders nor people would cling to it if the United States authorities were to distinctly declare it to be a crime and prosecute and punish it as such. It is not an essential part of the Mormon practice, any more than the suttee of Hindooism; and shorn of it, Mormonism would still satisfy its votaries, and would in the eyes of the law take the same place as all other forms of religious faith.

We intended to have quoted Mr. Bowles's admirable analysis of social life in San Francisco, but space forbids. We cordially recommend everybody who wants a most valuable contribution to the social and political philosophy of the day, in the form of one of the most entertaining records of travel we have ever lighted upon, to buy and read his book. We have ourselves closed it with sincere regret that there was not more of it.

We have already alluded to its defects of form; we trust if it makes a second edition the author will revise it more carefully. Too many shreds of newspaper still hang about it, and it has now and then a touch of Western extravagance in the phraseology and similes which seems to indicate that Mr. Bowles, when he was out there, was not proof against the contagion in spite of his thoroughly Eastern taste and training.

KITTO'S BIBLICAL CYCLOPEDIA.*

A COMPARISON of the first American edition of Calmet's "Dictionary of the Holy Bible" with the third edition of Kitto's "Biblical Cyclopædia," and with Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible," will indicate the progress of Biblical literature and science during a single generation. In no department of learning has progress been at once so rapid and so substantial as in this—a progress due mainly to three causes: (1.) An improved system of Hebrew philology, through the labors of Hupfeld, Ewald, Winer, Gesenius, Fürst, and others; (2.) The application of archæology and of contemporaneous history and literature, upon approved principles of criticism, to the illustration of the Bible; and (3.) The advance of Biblical geography and topography by the explorations of modern missionaries and travellers. We date from the American edition of Calmet, in 1832, under the supervision of the late Dr. Edward Robinson, because that was the starting point in English Biblical literature of the new treatment of this department which has yielded such rich and abundant fruits. As a pupil of Gesenius, Dr. Robinson brought his system to bear upon all questions of oriental philology, to the exclusion of the crude and fanciful etymological and mythological discussions of Calmet and his English editor, Mr. Charles Taylor. And, having already formed the conception of that systematic revision of Biblical geography and history to which he devoted so large a portion of his subsequent life, Dr. Robinson gave special attention to the orthography, the topography, and the historical description of places named in the Bible. Yet no one was more sensible than he how far short of his ideal of a dictionary of the Bible was his own edition of Calmet. After an interval of thirty years, no Biblical scholar would think of consulting that as an authority. How many sermons based upon Calmet's expositions have already become antiquated!

In 1845 Dr. Kitto made another great advance upon the ground so long held by Calmet, by combining scholars of different nations and of various departments of sacred learning in one co-operative work—a kind of ecumenical council of Biblical literature, to which each brought his special contributions, to be classified and harmonized in a general way by the presiding editor. The scholarship of Germany was represented by such names as Drs. Credner, Havernick, Hengstenberg, J. Jacobi, Ewald, Michelson, and Tholuck; that of Great Britain by such names as Drs. Alexander, Davidson, Eadie, Pye Smith, and others; the United States, also, had two or three representatives, and Dr. Robinson's "Biblical Researches" were acknowledged as the basis and authority of much that was embodied in the department of "Scripture geography." In his edition of Calmet, Dr. Robinson had availed himself of the results of German scholarship, and had thus introduced a new and most valuable element into that work; but he had not sought the services of German scholars as collaborators. Hence, "Calmet" was in no proper sense a representative work. But Dr. Kitto brought together in one work the special labors of many scholars upon designated subjects, allowing a reasonable latitude of discussion to contributors who were "competent by their attainments and studies to form a judgment worthy of attention on the various matters coming under their consideration." Constructed upon this sound and liberal principle, and containing so great a variety of useful material, Kitto's Cyclopædia soon took the lead among works illustrative of Biblical literature, and for fifteen years it pretty much held the market in its department, except for those who had access to kindred works in the German. But the publication, in 1860, of Dr. Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible," with its brilliant array of contributors, its extensive and solid learning, and its fresh and vigorous handling of topics capable of illustration from recent discovery and criticism, threw Kitto, in turn, into the shade, and compelled a revision and enlargement of the lately honored encyclopædia, if it would maintain a competition with

* "A Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature, originally edited by John Kitto, D.D. Third edition, greatly enlarged and improved by William Lindsay Alexander, D.D., F.S.A.S., etc." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

formidable rival. For, though the two works were constructed upon plans essentially different, yet they covered so much ground in common, that a marked superiority of either, in any particular, would give it precedence over the other. Besides, the increasing familiarity of Biblical students with the German language brought such works as Winer's "Biblisches Real-Wörterbuch" and Herzog's "Real-Encyclopædie" into more general comparison with Kitto's less comprehensive volumes.

Accordingly, the Edinburgh publishers, having just completed their new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," resolved to cancel entirely the stereotype plates of the "Biblical Cyclopædia," which had been only slightly modified for the second edition, and to prepare a new edition, revised and enlarged, according to the present state of Biblical knowledge. The task of editing the work was committed to Dr. W. Lindsay Alexander, and it could not have fallen into better hands. As the successor of Dr. Wardlaw in the Congregational chair of theology, Dr. Alexander has commanded high respect for his ability as a Christian teacher in the city where he has so long ranked with the ablest preachers. He is a good German scholar, the translator of Dörner's "History of the Person of Christ," the author of an important treatise on the "Connection of the Old and New Testaments," and of several valuable monographs in sacred literature; in short, he is one of the leading minds in the present literary circles of Edinburgh, a chief citizen of "no mean city." In the revision of Kitto, he has associated with himself a number of scholars who were not contributors to the original work, while he has retained all that was of any value in the labors of his predecessors. The new edition is expanded into three large octavos, of upwards of 800 pages each, closely printed in double columns. It differs in several respects from Dr. Smith's great work. That is properly a dictionary of the Bible, embracing whatever pertains to Biblical antiquities, biography, geography, and natural history, with collateral topics from classical antiquity, but eschewing questions of theology. Kitto's is an encyclopædia of Biblical literature, and while it is less full and minute in the treatment of mere names, it covers a wider range of subjects and admits notices of the life and works of Biblical scholars. This last feature, now introduced for the first time, will have a special interest to the young student in sacred learning. While controversial theology is excluded from its pages, Kitto's Cyclopædia conforms more strictly than does Smith's Dictionary to the system of interpretation known as "evangelical" in distinction from the rationalistic or latitudinarian schools. This at once appears in such articles as "Genesis," "Exodus," "Adam," "Inspiration," "Interpretation," "Jesus Christ." Yet there is much freedom of discussion in these pages, and Dr. Samuel Davidson is retained as a contributor, notwithstanding the outcry raised by his second volume of the tenth edition of "Horne's Introduction."

The defects of this new edition of the Cyclopædia are mainly due to the desire of the editor to retain so much of the original work as would preserve its historical identity. We think his judgment on this point has been overborne by a too nice regard for the memory of his predecessor. It was not wise, for example, to leave the question of inspiration just where it was left twenty years ago by so cautious and yet uncritical a writer as the late Dr. Leonard Woods, of Andover Seminary. Neither his definition, which is simply that of Knapp, nor his argumentation will meet the difficulties which more recent criticism has raised concerning the fact, the method, and the degree of divine inspiration in the composition of the Scriptures. We are well aware that an exhaustive treatment of the question is hardly possible in the present stage of the subject; but this was not a sufficient reason for retaining a disquisition which has become antiquated, without at least a reference to new phases of the enquiry and a compendium of the arguments upon either side.

It was an infelicity, also, to retain Dr. J. Pye Smith's article on Adam, without modification, with its citation of Dr. Prichard's "Natural History of Man" as the latest authority upon the question of man's place in the creation, and with no mention of the theory of *cephalization* so ably propounded by Professor J. D. Dana, of Yale College. We might instance other articles in which defective information and even positive error have been stereotyped anew, through an excessive deference to the reputation of former contributors.

The new matter of the Cyclopædia in general is fresh and full upon the results of recent investigation in science and criticism. For instance, the articles on the Gospels, on John, and on Jesus Christ, fairly recognize the difficulties raised by Baur, Renan, Strauss, and others, and point to their solution; and the article on the Creation is not unmindful of Dr. Darwin's peculiar and unsustained hypothesis of the origin of species.

In the department of the religious and literary archaeology of the Hebrews, the new edition of the Cyclopædia is substantially a new work; and points of Biblical geography and topography which were but

lightly touched upon in the first edition, are here elaborated with a care and exactness worthy of their importance. The first edition contained nothing whatever upon the topography of Jerusalem; but in the new edition twelve pages are devoted to this topic, and a résumé is given of the results of all recent surveys and explorations, together with a discussion of all the controverted theories, from that of Robinson at one extreme to that of Fergusson at the other.

It is not the province of this notice to criticize in detail the contents of an encyclopædia. That must be left to the ampler pages of the quarterly reviews. But we have so far indicated the character of the new issue of Kitto, that students may feel warranted in procuring it as an addition of real value to the materials for Biblical study. Its mechanical execution is highly attractive, and its literary character will compare favorably with that of any work in the same department.

JULIA WARD HOWE.*

OF a like order with Mrs. Browning's, though of very different tone and texture, is the poetical gift of Julia Ward Howe. Her love of freedom, her faith in right, her wide and high culture, and her intellectual traits and tastes, give significance, authority, and beauty to her verse. Hence its superiority to the musical expression of sentiment, which has been the common range of her sex in verse. Hence, too, her claim to be estimated as a thinker, a pleader for the true as well as the beautiful, a singer in the ranks of the patriotic and the prophetic. A thorough education, a sojourn in Italy, knowledge and love of philosophy and art, intimacy with reformers in politics, innovators in religion, and with the best writers of Germany and France, added to the usual experience of American and domestic life, have expanded the scope of a mind naturally fine, and enriched and emphasized powers of expression already good. With this equipment and facility, however, Mrs. Howe's artistic discipline has not kept pace—that is, she has not bestowed upon the form and finish of her verse a care and refinement proportionate to its earnestness and thoughtfulness. Hence, it is only at times that her verse penetrates the multitude, and stirs the common heart. Often the idea is too abstract, the feeling too subtle, and the expression too crude for such a triumph. Yet, with all, the sterling ore remains, and repays more careful explorers.

Having noted the defect of form, we must also refer to her fault of tone and spirit. She is sometimes too personal; she occasionally sacrifices the dignity of art to the caprices of feeling; she allows, altogether, private and casual prejudices and partialities to find expression—a course more justifiable in a woman of narrower mind, but unworthy of one so comprehensive; pique is too small a motive for one who can sing so nobly. These and other minor faults might have been easily corrected by the disinterested revision—or rather suggestion—of a friendly critic. They are not vital but incidental defects. Changes of lines and words, omissions here and there—generalizing the application of an image, making impersonal an appeal—would have made her "clear in her great office." So, too, an experienced dramatic critic might have indicated the injudicious in plot and the objectionable in language in her play, retaining all its merits, and thus saved it from misapprehension, and harmonized and purified its artistic scope.

We make these seemingly ungracious comments out of respect for Mrs. Howe's real ability, from the desire to see completeness, harmony, and efficient expression where there is so much crude force and undisciplined feeling. The authoress herself will bear us out. With each successive volume she has come into a more free and faithful relation to life; the personalities that marred the first diminish in the second, and disappear in the third collection of her verses. Self is merged in "an idea dearer than self;" great interests absorb lesser; as she grapples with the problems of her time and country, her strain is more fervid and noble. "Passion Flowers" appeared in 1854; "Words for the Hour" in 1857. There are sweet and striking passages in the former, relating to Rome and its associations, some psychological and intuitive suggestions of deep interest, and many tributes to character, to freedom, justice, and truth, that mark the thoughtful and progressive lyricist; but with these are themes less noble, and throughout, in thought and sentiment, outweigh and surpass, instead of being fused with, the expression, except in occasional verses more impulsive and playful, where the sound is literally an echo to the sense. In "Words for the Hour" there breathes a profound and intelligent sympathy with the great cause of humanity, and especially with the solemn crisis then slowly approaching, to culminate in civil war and end in sacrifice and triumph.

"The Battle Hymn of the Republic" will attract to this volume the attention and sympathy of many readers who may otherwise be indifferent to,

* "Later Lyrics." By Julia Ward Howe. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. 1866.

or ignorant of, the author's claims to poetical genius. All who have heard that spirited yet solemn anthem sung with art and feeling, during the long, sad, and earnest four years of the war for the Union, will feel a special obligation to and interest in its author; and, therefore, be prepared to welcome her new offering to the muses with candor and cordiality. It is an advantage her pure and true patriotism has fairly earned. Nor are the other "Poems of the War," now first collected, less worthy of a noble woman's heart and a sacred cause. "Our Country," "The First Martyr," "April 19th," "Our Orders," "The Flag," and "The Harvard Student's Song" have the genuine lyric ring. When she sings of the starry banner that

— "dear are the stars it harbors
In its sunny field of blue
As the hope of a further heaven
That lights all our dim lives through;"

when she tells us that

"The hum of thrift was hushed
With sudden woe;"

or bids us

"Die to make men free,"

and chides the vanity of her sex with

"Weave no more silks, ye Lyons looms,
To deck our girls for gay delights,
The crimson flower of battle blooms
And solemn marches fill the night,"

she utters the feeling of the times, enforces its lesson, and celebrates its sacrifice with true poetic insight and beauty. But poems of a more tranquil era follow: there are "Lyrics of the Street," wherein the vicissitudes of human life are rehearsed with graphic and plaintive music; there are "Parables" that illustrate the same story with personal emphasis; and there are "Poems of Study and Experience" which indicate no ordinary mental resources and a comprehensive thought as broad and suggestive as it is often ingenious and imaginative. There is a womanly flavor about many of these verses that shows they were inspired by experience and not imitated from conventional precedents: the "Tea Party" and the "Jeweller's Shop," the "Fine Lady" and the "Charity Visitor," the lonely reveries over a crucifix, the maternal vigil, the household bereavement, the antagonism between love and duty, the triumph and the hollowness of society, the cares and the blessings of life, as known, felt, and observed by a gifted woman, are set in verse with tact and keenness. Here we have a monody and there a satire, now a paraphrase of classic story or a photograph of classic character, and now a domestic lyric, naïve, playful, or earnest. As a whole, these poems are a fine reflection of the inner life and the outward vision of a woman of faith, patriotism, and scholarship; a legitimate and womanly utterance of the discipline and the destiny which earnest minds experience here and now.

A VERY GOOD CHILDREN'S BOOK.*

TOM HOOD is a son of Tom Hood. From Tom Hood, the son of Tom Hood, the world naturally expects something delightful. Not yet persuaded but that it is the inevitable and the proper thing that the son of a wise or clever father should be himself wise or clever, and finding examples enough to support that theory, the world goes on expecting great things of the children of the great. And to this Thomas, the son of Thomas, when he publishes verse, everybody looks for wit or pathos, or both, if it is a serious work; for unusually graceful and delicate play, if it is play.

But when a rash man offers to the world a new "Mother-Goose" book, what good can we expect? To write children's books is proverbially difficult. But a publisher could find a score of men and women who could write clever novelettes, or instructive tales, or "hymns in prose" or in verse for children for one who is capable of musical and comical "jingles and jokes." It has been tried many a time. We have seen a "sensible Mother Goose," in which the somewhat extravagant statements of the original work of that name are pared down to the compass of probability, as in the only quatrain that lingers in our memory:

"Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle!
The cow looked up at the moon,
The little dog barked to see the sport,
And the dish was laid by the spoon."

We will not insult our readers by quoting the original stanza, of which the above is a disgracefully bad parody. Then it was discovered that nine-tenths of "Mother Goose's" own original songs were songs of bloodshed and strife, grinding of bones to make bread, downfall of babies and cradles from tree-tops, shooting of cock-robins by bloodthirsty sparrows—death and destruction on every side. It was attempted to eliminate all this and produce an innocent work. The resulting collection was innocent of any effect,

good or evil. Then came "The Book of Nonsense," appearing in England in 1860, and at once becoming popular, but not reaching us in America until about a year ago. The metre of this was in its favor, and the tang of it—the note, as Mathew Arnold would say; but the poems of the original "Book of Nonsense" were such rubbish—without fun or point—that the feeblest imitators have surpassed their model. Private circles have been delighted with the "thick-coming fancies" which take form in that fortunate metre; conceited people have been gracefully "taken down a peg;" "toad-eating little cities" or communities have been properly characterized and quizzed, as the "Nonsense Book" showed how. *Punch*, last winter, published a series of these verses, glorifying the "young ladies" and "old girls" of England:

"There was a young lady of Hitchin,
Who never went down in the kitchen
Till her father said: 'Rose,
You're a goose to suppose
Affection's gentle and bewitchin'."

"There was an old girl of Devizes,
Whose forte was in little surprises:
She let you come near,
Then cried: 'Bless us, my dear,
Your eyes are of different sizes.'"

And so on; announcing in each number that the series would "be continued until every town in the kingdom has been immortalized." But the best result of the "Nonsense Book" so far is "Rummical Rhymes with Pictures to Match, set forth in fayre prospect, alphabetically and geographically." The pictures to this—admirable caricatures of mediaevalism, cleverly designed for printing in red and black—are so unusually good that worse verses would be endurable, but the verses are good too; *exempli gratia*, take the third one

"There was a young lady of Cork,
Who, declining to eat with a fork,
Her fingers would use
And the feelings abuse
Of the delicate people of Cork."

The title of the above is "Contrary to etiquette." Now that we have written the stanza, we see how much it lacks in lacking the illustration. Until to-day we have met no rhyme and picture book so good as "Rummical Rhymes."

It seems to us a pity that Mr. Hood has taken a rhyming and chiming title for his excellent little book. "Jingles and Jokes for the Little Folks" is very tiresome. If one owns the book and uses it and has to call it by its name now and then, "how he would hate that name" after a week had passed. But, after we pass the title-page, we find no more chance to find fault. The critic has the rare pleasure of heartily and unreservedly praising. There are thirty-four little poems; they vary somewhat in character from "Scotland, Ireland, and Wales," which is actual "Mother Goose," to the comparative profundity of "The Arbour" and the gravity of "The Launch of the Lily Leaf." But all are delightful. Hear the first-named:

SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND WALES.

Paddy comes from Ireland,
And carries hods of bricks;
Sandy comes from Scotland,
Where they know some cunning tricks;
Taddy comes from Wales,
Where they've toasted cheese for rabbits;
So now you've heard my tale
Of those people and their habits.

That seems to us in the true "Mother Goose" swing, but as great an improvement on the original as the "Rummical Rhyme" quoted above is on the best stanza in "The Book of Nonsense." In selecting one of a slightly graver character, we can safely choose for brevity alone, and thus we choose:

PUSS IN NEW BOOTS.

Patter, clatter,
What's the matter?
Our Tom Cat, who's such a ratter,
Two new pair
Of shoes to wear
Has been buying at the fair.
Is n't he making a noise in the house?
Won't he frighten each rat and mouse?
'Twas n't wise to choose
Such noisy shoes—
To be caught his dinner will now refuse!
To each rat and mouse his approach he tells,
For he's popped his paws into walnut shells;
Into walnut shells—into walnut shells—
He has popped his paws into walnut shells!

We shall find little bloodshed and no hopeless and profitless destruction and ruin. One little mouse is caught by a cat, who is at once reprobated for catching the mouse in a dishonorable way—

"I do n't think her conduct was pretty—do you?"

One little boy falls out of a tree, but, although he has been naughty, the worst result of the tumble is that

"Kind little Jane
Pitted his paws,
And carried him home to mamma!"

* "Jingles and Jokes for the Little Folks." By Tom Hood. Illustrated by C. H. Bennett, W. Bromton, Paul Gray, and T. Morten. London: Cassell, Petter & Galpin.

Another little boy is punished in the style of the little boys in "Struwwelpeter" for his dirty habits. These are all the terrible disasters we have found. But, more than this, the author has shown a rare faculty in setting forth a moral without moralizing. Most of the fables with morals youth reads *without* the morals. We do n't see how youth can do so here. Read this—the end of a poem:

FURTHER MORAL.

The folks who exclaimed—
 "That surely can't be him!"
 Lindley Murray 'd have whipped
 If they 'd happened to see him.
 For he was a very
 Particular gammer,
 And punished all people
 Who did n't talk grammar.
 And though he 'd not find
 Fault with you or with me, he
 Would teach them to say,
 "That surely can't be!"

And now we hope every reader will buy this book and read it. And therefore we do not care to quote any more. But many of the pictures are as good in their way as the poems. There are thirteen, all full-page woodcuts, simply drawn in black lines on white, few of them at all carefully executed in style and finish. The frontispiece is capital—the two rival lovers with (tin) swords drawn, and scabbards thrown away, and the stairs crowded with little people looking at the fight—the boys interested and quiet, the little girl delightfully frightened, and a greedy little chap on the bottom step with a plate of fruit on his lap and a bitten cake in either hand, happy in being able to munch and enjoy the battle at once. Of the others it is hard to say which is the best. That is very clever which illustrates "Puss and her Three Kittens," though the infantile mind will need much explanation before it will understand the "Pepper-pot," and "Sootikin" with a seam up her back. They are all spirited and tell the stories well, and help to make the book the good book it is. And the cover, even in these days when such clever designs come from the English binders, is noticeable, for there is a morning's meditation for a little one and lecture material for its nurse. The books come to pieces easily, though, and the pretty covers will soon be off.

DR. MARIGOLD'S PRESCRIPTIONS.*

It is supposed that most people have already taken these, and that there is no occasion to make severe analysis of their ingredients. They are compounded by Mr. Dickens from simples well known to the *materia romantica*, and sugar-coated with an invention of his own. In profane terms, the great author has written the first and last parts in this Christmas story, and numbers of very little authors have written the rest. The plan is that on which the Christmas books of Mr. Dickens have been constructed for several years past, and unites doubtful advantages to very obvious drawbacks. Indeed, partnership in literature has seldom produced results of great value. The muse is severe; she will not give her smiles to those who come a-wooing in companies, and is apt to snub even old favorites when they seek her in the society of others. It is true that in these Christmas books some of the evils of joint composition are escaped by making each chapter a separate and distinct story; but then the responsibility of uniting the stories upon some one pretext falls heavily on the contriver of the book. We all know how Boccaccio managed to bind together his merry stories in the "Decamerone," and how Chaucer did with his "Canterbury Pilgrims," not to mention Mr. Longfellow and his "Wayside Inn." But these editors were also the authors of their tales, whereas Mr. Dickens must take the contributions of others, in which there is not even the slender coherence of a general reference to the Christmas season, and weld them into a book under a sole title. As it happens, the book is no different from any other number of *All the Year Round*, except that it is not so good, being marred by the violence with which the editor strives to distinguish it from these. Is it not a sorry device, that making-believe Cheap Jack causes these stories to be printed in a book together, in order to give a pleasure and surprise to his adoptive child by a book made exclusively for her? As if a Cheap Jack of Doctor Marigold's shrewdness and good feeling would choose such dull stories to amuse the poor deaf-mute!

But, in spite of this poverty of expedient, how delightful are those first and last parts of Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions! It must be confessed that a great deal is made of a little, and that one might come to know all the itinerant venders of bargains in England without finding one among them equal to Dr. Marigold; and, perhaps, all of them put together would not produce his like. But, nevertheless, we have something unmistakably true and real

in the Cheap Jack telling the simple story of his marriage with the termagant, who cruelly beats their child, till one day it falls sick of its life of terror and suffering, and dies in its father's arms, as he stands, poor soul! making his jests and auctioning his wares, with a heavy heart, to the grinning crowd in the market-place. It is likewise genuine and pathetic how he is made to know (after the death of his wife), by the weak-minded but tender-hearted giant, Pickleson, of the deaf-mute child, whom her step-father (Pickleson's showman) misuses, and whom Dr. Marigold adopts, and teaches to read and write, and places at a school for deaf-mutes, and gives away in marriage to a deaf-mute lover, to be finally rewarded one Christmas Eve by their reappearance (out of a long absence in China), with a little daughter, who is not deaf and dumb, but salutes Dr. Marigold as "grandfather," and completes his earthly bliss. The character is one of the sort which Mr. Dickens loves to paint, and which reminds of his earlier manner, having something of Sam Weller in it, allied to something of Mr. Sleary, but at last being original as a whole. Dr. Marigold is simple and shrewd, with a racy philosophy of his own, the fruit of much sagacious observation and hard suffering, and is not the least a cynic. After going through enough to harden the feelings of most men, he has the greatness to give a laugh to a poorish joke, because (O gentle reader!) he knows from experience how flat you fall without it. Is not his modification of King Solomon's wisdom, concerning a brawling woman in a wide house, fine also?

"She was n't a bad wife, but she had a temper. If she could have parted with that one article at a sacrifice, I would n't have swopped her away in exchange for any other woman in England. Not that I ever did swop her away, for we lived together till she died, and that was thirteen year. Now, my lords and ladies and gentlefolks all, I'll let you into a secret, though you won't believe it. Thirteen year of temper in a palace would try the worst of you, but thirteen year of temper in a cart would try the best of you. You are kept so very close to it in a cart, you see. There's thousands of couples among you getting on like sweet ile upon a whetstone in houses five and six pairs of stairs high, that would go to the divorce court in a cart. Whether the jolting makes it worse, I do n't undertake to decide; but in a cart it does come home to you and stick to you. Violence in a cart is so violent, and aggravation in a cart is so aggravating.

"We might have had such a pleasant life! A roomy cart, with the large goods hung outside, and the bed slung underneath it when on the road, an iron pot and a kettle, a fireplace for the cold weather, a chimney for the smoke, a hanging shelf and a cupboard, a dog and a horse. What more do you want? You draw off upon a bit of turf in a green lane or by the roadside, you hobble your old horse and turn him grazing, you light your fire upon the ashes of the last visitors, you cook your stew, and you would n't call the Emperor of France your father. But have a temper in the cart, flinging language and the hardest goods in stock at you, and where are you then? Put a name to your feelings."

The only tolerable story in the little book, besides that of Dr. Marigold, is the story of the professional conundrum-maker and his ruin. That of Eunice Fielding, the tender Moravian maiden, would be good, if one did not know it all from the beginning. As for the ghost story, it is one of the dullest, most mechanical horrors we ever read; and the other tales amount to nothing, in goodness, badness, or indifference.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ROBERT DALBY AND HIS WORLD OF TROUBLES. Being the Early Days of a Connoisseur. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

THE LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF SAMUEL ADAMS. By William V. Wells. Three vols. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

ANYTA AND OTHER POEMS.—THE GENTLEMAN. By George H. Calvert. E. P. Dutton & Co., Boston; Hurd & Houghton, New York.

MASSACHUSETTS ECCLESIASTICAL LAW. By Edward Buck, of the Suffolk Bar. Gould & Lincoln, Boston; Sheldon & Co., New York.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE DEVOTIONAL STUDY OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES. By Edward Meyrick Goulburn, D.D. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE BELTON ESTATE. By Anthony Trollope. Harper & Bros., New York.

THE FIRE-FRIEND, AND OTHER POEMS. By Charles D. Gardette. Bunce & Huntington, New York.

Fine Arts.

ANOTHER LOOK AT FOREIGN PICTURES IN NEW YORK.

At the gallery of the Studio Building, in Tenth Street, the French, Belgian, and English pictures are still on exhibition. Many of them have already been sold. Of those which have been sold a few are gone, having been removed by their purchasers, and room is thus provided for the exhibition of other pictures belonging to the collection which have not before found room on the walls. Those which have been taken away are generally sent over to "Goupil's" for repair to frames or for varnishing, and opportunity is given in that gallery for a second look at them. Then, several pictures

* "Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions. By Charles Dickens." Harper & Bros., New York.

catalogued with the others of the collection, have made their first appearance in this gallery—for instance, the two large pictures by Schlesinger, "The Officer's Widow" and "The Spanish Girl," numbered 129 and 131. These, we are told, were bought by Mr. Knoedler before the exhibition opened. And so it seems that the gallery at Broadway and Ninth Street must be visited and explored if one would judge of the "Fourth Exhibition in New York of Pictures contributed by Artists of the French, English, and Belgian Schools." Then there are, on semi-public exhibition, other important pictures by European painters, which pictures do not belong to that collection. And it follows that we must treat of painters and schools as they are represented in New York to-day, and somewhat independently of their ownership or places of exhibition.

It would be well if any considerations of ownership or respect for the places of exhibition would inspire in the minds of a certain class of visitors that which the pictures themselves fail to inspire—a wholesome awe. A large portion of pictures exhibited, to say the least, are worthy of respect. In every gallery into which people walk, nonchalantly, to see pictures, there are works representing much care, skill, honest labor, learning, and thought. Most pictures are, on the face of the matter, worthy of respectful attention. A looker has no right to assume that the artist is unable to show him anything or teach him anything worth his while. A looker surely has no right to assume that the artist has had no meaning. This is true of all pictures which are exhibited. We say that a visitor should enter every gallery of pictures with a certain sense of awe.

And this is especially true when the visitor, accustomed to average American pictures, goes to see European pictures which may naturally be assumed to be above the average European merit. The pictures which are selected to be sent to this country for sale are generally of a certain order of merit; embody much skill and represent great reputations. Moreover, better in works, they have all been painted for a public vastly better instructed than ours in everything that has to do with art. They have all been painted in active rivalry with the strongest painters of the time; they have been painted in the presence of the best pictures of the past and the present. They, in a sense, bring European skill and cultivation for our enlightenment.

A picture by a celebrated artist, *couronné, décoré*, titled and honored, may be very bad in many ways, but is sure to be of some importance, and is necessarily worthy of notice. And people should not criticize pictures unfavorably until they have got beyond them, so to speak; until they know and are prepared to show what there is that is better, and why it is better, and what, in the case before them, needs improvement.

M. Louis Gallait is a painter of the highest standing, socially and by reputation. He has in the exhibition at Tenth Street three pictures, one of which is called "Jeanne la Folle," and represents that queen, well known to history, who would not allow her husband's corpse to be buried. Now we have twice seen parties pause in front of that picture, exclaim and wonder, muster sufficient knowledge of French to translate Jeanne la Folle into Crazy Jane, and then wonder why anybody should paint a horrid-looking picture and call it Crazy Jane. Why not Crazy Kate? as we heard one lady ask her party. Why, indeed? But, until one knows why, perhaps it would be well not to pass judgment upon the thought of the picture.

We have taken this No. 53 for our example the more willingly because it is not a picture requiring much profundity or long study on the part of the student to get beyond it. It is not a well-told story; almost anybody could tell it. It is not a good subject for a picture; people who have found out what the subject is may be excused if they instinctively feel and impulsively say that they do not want to look at it. It is not a beautiful picture in lines or in color. Nor is there in any one of these three pictures the evidence of true feeling, of imaginative insight, or even of an attempt to realize the scenes represented. "Columbus in Prison," No. 57, is the most nearly noble of the three, because the most probable and real, while all have a certain effectiveness, a certain stateliness which does what it can to redeem their many deficiencies. "Art and Liberty," No. 56, is less attractive, and has less of Gallait's charm than the others. Those readers who remember the picture by M. Gallait which was at Goupil's nearly a year ago, called, we think, "The Prisoner's Voice," and representing a mother and her children gathered beneath the prison wall which confines the prisoner, remember a picture which seems to us better than any of these three. But all are alike in manner and nearly alike in merit. They are conventional, unreal; if intellectual, not profoundly so, and not deep or subtle in feeling. And the merits of execution are not great enough or unusual enough to make the pictures valuable to our painters and students on that account alone.

There have been far more important pictures by Ary Scheffer in this country, and on exhibition, than No. 127, "The Three Holy Marys." His

designs, too, are well known through the medium of engraving, and he is one of those painters whose works are said to "engrave well," that is, to be conceived in light and shade and without primary regard to color. The exhibition, therefore, of this small picture affords no favorable opportunity to speak at length of this distinguished artist and his work. One thing, however, must be clear to every one who considers the picture, that the artist whose work it is, is no colorist. For this is not merely pale and inadequate color, it is cold and ugly color; or rather it is not color, properly speaking, at all, but only a grey drawing tinted. One might be excused in forming the hasty conclusion that no work of the artist's could ever be valuable in color. So far as we know these works the conclusion would be just. All of his work that we have seen is actually painful to one who loves color at all. It is as if one who could write good prose would not, but would insist on writing bad verse. The absence of metre and music does not trouble us in prose; the absence of color does not trouble us in engraving; but bad verse is dreadful, and bad color is an infliction perhaps even greater.

Not bad color, perhaps, but color chilled with grey and, as it were, half extinguished, is the most common and most harmful fault of the great body of living French painters. There are, among them, individual painters whose work reveals the existence of great power of color; but the work of these men seems also to reveal an unconsciousness of the gift and an indifference to the possession of it. It is curious to mark how seldom French criticism of the present day treats of color as an essential element of a picture's worth or a painter's power. Even in the praise of their dead master, Eugène Delacroix, and in analysis of the character of his work, that one gift which he possessed beyond other Frenchmen, and perhaps beyond all other men his contemporaries, is scarcely noticed. The living painters of France can think, can partly feel, can study, can draw admirably, and lay pigments with sufficient skill, but cannot color in any complete, successful, and satisfying way.

The simple subjects, often domestic and nearly always in-door, which make up so large a proportion of the French and Belgian painting of the present day, are better adapted, perhaps, than subjects of any other kind to the chosen manner of their painters. The interior of a fashionably-furnished room, with a lady in morning dress, is a subject which can be painted with a certain measure of success in the subdued tones and cold, greyish hues of the existing school. But even then, by the adoption of this way of painting, these subjects, seldom at all noble or elevated; lose the only chance of being ennobled by their treatment. In No. 21 of THE NATION, we spoke of that picture by M. Charles Baugnet which was in the Artists' Fund Exhibition, "Improving the Eyelids." The picture catalogued as "The Attentive Chambermaid," and No. 5 of the present European collection, but now at Mr. Knoedler's gallery, and more properly to be called "The Lady's Maid" or "The Shoe," is even more remarkable for the technical skill displayed than was the former. Wonderfully delicate and imitative is the painting of the lace and silk, and not less truthfully drawn and rounded than simpler things is the lady's left arm, relieved against the dress which she is settling into its folds. How good such careful transcript would be if the things represented were better worth representing! How delightful would be even an inadequate painting of interiors and costume if these were more beautiful! If only Baugnet and Fichel and De Jonghe had mediæval interiors to paint! But as they are, nothing but real affluence of color will make good pictures of these subjects.

De Jonghe is bold and consistent in his disregard of color; chooses and arranges his subjects with a certain originality for one so strictly devoted to a single class of subjects, and shows a natural, if not very elevated, sentiment. He has a small picture in the Studio Building Gallery; but much larger and more important pictures are at Mr. Knoedler's—for instance, "The Twins," exhibited in Paris in 1863, and "La Causerie Intime" of the salon of 1865.

M. Eugène Fichel seems to us a much more able painter than De Jonghe. But his skill is shown only in small pictures, of but little actual interest—No. 26, "Napoleon Bonaparte Studying," and two at Goupil's. There is not enough work of his before us to justify criticism.

M. Florent Willems is well known to New Yorkers by means of the highly finished and exquisite little pictures which from time to time, during the last four years, have been for sale, and sold, in this city. Two pictures by him are in the Tenth Street Gallery, No. 169, "The Convalescent," and No. 170, "The Lecture," or, more properly, "The Reading." This latter seemed to us the best Willems that we had yet seen. But since our first look at the two young ladies who read and listen, there has come another picture by the same artist vastly superior in every respect. "Au Roi!" is an admirable picture. It is small; although containing seven figures it is not larger than pictures by the same master of one figure or two; it is painted on panel,

like so many of the more minute and delicate French paintings. The interior of a very stately room is shown; a round table is set toward one of its corners; there are five guests, who are attended by two young pages. The toast is, "To the King!" and all have risen to honor it; one young man, belated, his glass not yet refilled, eagerly bids the others wait for him. The dignified gentleman in the foreground, in boots, while the rest are in rich in-door dress, is said to be, and may be, the king himself, who is entertaining his friends in a sort of understood incognito. The subject seems to be of small importance, though naturally and spiritedly treated. But when mere technical skill reaches such excellence as here, and is used to set forth a scene not inharmonious in line and hue, it is in itself of positive value. The interior of the room alone, richly and effectively decorated in the style of Francis I., the floor of colored marble, exquisite in color and simple in design, the furniture of the same period of art, solid and strongly made and richly adorned, with no air of modern upholstery about it; the splendid wine-cooler of gilded metal, catching and reflecting the diffused light of the interior; this alone (for it is one) would be a picture to enjoy, even without the figures. The skill shown in the painting of these details is marvellous; the floor especially is as fine as one can imagine such a thing to be. Then come the figures. The costume (time, the former half of the sixteenth century) is well chosen; some enormities of fashion which appeared later were not then in vogue. The colors are well harmonized and very delicately graded. The whole central group of the picture comes very near being a noble piece of coloring; and the men themselves are very good types and very human in look and action. There is a vivacity about the picture which is very charming and very unusual, seeming almost to tell of long acquaintance with courts and courtiers and all worldly splendors on the part of the artist.

A generally diffused pure daylight invests the whole scene, such as enters a large room through large windows. The sharp contrasts of light and shadow are not for us this time; the academical criticism of Paris has already objected to the absence of a central light or an extreme dark; we are rejoicing over their absence, believing that this very manner has helped the painter to better color than he ever got before, while not injuring the picture in any essential respect.

MUSIC.

THE PAREPA FAREWELL CONCERTS.

It is usually rather disagreeable to attend the concerts of any ordinary star single—if we may apply in the concert-room an epithet borrowed from the theatre—they are so obviously got up to show off one person, and the rest of the programme is put in merely to fill up time and detain the audience long enough for them to think they have had their money's worth. But the concerts under the management of Mr. Bateman have been of a very different character. The performers were all first-rate artists. A remarkable and brilliant singer, the best pianist in America, a violinist who is nearer a genius than any we have had here for some years, a virtuoso on the cornet capable of drawing out any amount of popular applause, and a good and well-trained orchestra, form a combination such as is very seldom heard by our concert-goers. The music performed was well selected from various schools, and was the best of each kind. The programmes had something really artistic about their arrangement. There was necessarily a certain amount of show and sensation performance, but there was enough each night of really good music to enable the most fastidious music-lover to listen with enjoyment. The orchestra played at least two good overtures and one or two pieces beside; Miss Parepa sang excellently in three or four styles, supported by an orchestral accompaniment, not merely by a piano; the solo players performed selections from the classics of their instruments, so that the general effect was very harmonious and good. We regret that these are farewell concerts, for we fear it will be long before New York will hear so much that is excellent again.

The first concert on Saturday evening opened with Nicolai's overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor," always bright and cheering, and well played by the thoroughly disciplined orchestra. Mr. Mills followed this by a "Berceuse" and a waltz of Chopin, which he rendered with the delicacy and taste which is now habitual to him, whom we think the most artistic pianoforte player in New York, so great has his improvement been recently. Miss Parepa, though seemingly a little tired, sang "Casta Diva" with great precision and excellence, but did not touch the heart so much as she pleased the ear. She may have needed the excitement of the opera to give the additional passion, but certainly she sang it not so well as we have heard La-grange sing it. It is very difficult to compare the present voice of one singer with the recollection of another, but we surely have felt more thrilled and moved by the same music than we did when Parepa gave it the other night. Faultless as Parepa is in execution, and great intelligence as she shows in all

her renderings, she lacks sympathy, and fails to touch the inmost soul, which is the especial gift of the most perfect interpreters of great music. Her voice has uncommon reach and power, the tones being round, sonorous, and musical in the upper register up to E flat, as well as in the soprano region. Its volume is great, and it filled the Academy with ease, being perfectly clear and distinct in every part. Her style of singing is noble and almost perfect, with a just appreciation of the meaning of the words and the sentiment of the music. Her voice was very sustaining both in swelling and modulating single tones and through all the variations and changes of the intricate passages. Her execution was almost perfect, an occasional difficulty in breathing, and a disagreeable throat-sound in her trill that should warn her not to use it so frequently, being the only blemishes, though we occasionally thought that she slid her voice a little badly from one register to another.

After the scherzo from Mendelssohn's music to the "Midsummer-Night's Dream" by the orchestra, Mr. Rosa played the "Fantasia Caprice" of Vioux-temps, not, we should think, a piece that he thoroughly liked, but one that showed his power over his instrument. Rosa is young, with a fresh and ingenuous countenance, apparently wrapt up in his music. He is lately from the Leipzig Conservatoire, where he was under the instruction of David, and enjoyed intercourse with Joachim, who, we are told, has predicted a fine future for him. He plays cleanly and neatly, with a beautiful clear tone and excellent execution, and in every respect better than Prume, who played at the last Philharmonic concert. He is an artist, and is always expressive. His least notes move deeply. "The Nightingale's Trill," by Ganz, is a show-piece of slight merit, but considerable difficulty of execution. The runs and leaps, though a trifle to what La Bastardella used to sing, were clear and liquid. The echoes were excellently sung, but the trills were a disfigurement. Mr. Levy closed the first part with Hartmann's "Alexis" on the cornet. He made a *furor*, and received an encore. His playing is very wonderful; and in all the intricacies of runs and difficult passages, he shows his powers of tonguing and his manipulation of the instrument in a most noteworthy manner. He brought tones and expression out of the cornet that one could hardly suppose it capable of producing, and his *cantabile* passages were very beautiful. Some perverse purists object to the *cornet-à-piston* entirely, because it is no longer a horn pure and simple, but has, by stops and valves, enlarged its scale and its expressive power. But they, perhaps, might like to turn the pianoforte into a spinet, and prohibit all instrumental music save the original reed-pipe. The cornet is, indeed, not a noble instrument, and its proper place is in an orchestra, where it has a part, and an important one too. Solos on the cornet, however beautiful, are like those on the bassoon or oboe, mere exhibitions of skill, and so not thoroughly artistic, in the best sense of the word.

The second part commenced with the overture to Coriolanus, in our view one of the poorest of Beethoven's minor works. Miss Parepa and Mr. Levy followed with Proch's "Alpenhorn," arranged as a duet for voice and cornet. Here was an occasion where the cornet was used to advantage, and where also great excellence in playing it was manifest in the soft tones of the echo, so closely resembling in quality the human voice. It was excellently given. Mr. Mills dashed off with great *bravura* Liszt's splendid arrangement of the celebrated "Rakoczy March," and gained himself an enthusiastic encore. Rosa played Ernst's "Élégie" in a most beautiful and sustained manner, with more artistic feeling and perception than we have ever heard it given. Miss Parepa sang "Comin' thro' the Rye" with spirit and archness, and for an encore gave Claribel's "At five o'clock in the morning," a nonsensical ballad which belongs to what a writer in the London *Orchestra* calls the "Horological School." Mr. Levy introduced a disturbing element into the concert in the shape of the "Excelsior Polka," by which we were at once transported to the circus, and hardly needed to shut our eyes to see in imagination a monkey-ridden horse galloping around the ring. It is a pity for the sake of a little applause to break in on the pleasant state of feeling produced by so much good music by such paltry clap-trap as this. The orchestra played the brilliant overture to "Zampa," and the Academy, which had been thoroughly full, quickly emptied the pleased hearers to their various homes.

The programme for Monday evening was better, as far as the vocal pieces were concerned. Miss Parepa sang "O luce di quest' anima" from "Linda;" the beautiful "Let the bright seraphim" from "Samson," which made us the more deeply regret that we could not hear her in oratorio here; and the prayer from Wallace's "Lurline." Rosa played the andante and finale of Mendelssohn's "Concerto" and a fantasia on "Trovatore." Mills gave Liszt's transcription from "Sonnambula" and his own "Second Tarantelle;" and the orchestra performed the overtures to "Oberon" and "Fra Diavolo," the andante from one of Schneider's symphonies, and the "Coronation March," a fitting epilogue to such a concert.

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FINANCIAL REVIEW.

NATION OFFICE, Monday Morning,
January 8, 1866.

THE receipts of cotton at the ports up to 31st ult. aggregate 1,300,000 bales, thus falsifying the estimates of the Secretary of the Treasury and the most experienced merchants in the trade. It is now said that the crop of 1865 will, with the accumulations of previous years, amount to not less than 2,100,000 bales, worth, at a moderate estimate, \$150 per bale in gold. The South will thus have a sum of \$315,000,000 to begin the world again upon. The ex-rebels and their friends North and in Europe continue to assure us that there will be no cotton worth mentioning raised in 1866. But as these are the same persons who would not allow that the crop of 1865 with previous accumulations could exceed a million bales, their present opinions must be received with caution. It is evident, in fact, from the efforts which are being made in every cotton State to compel the freedmen to hire for the year, that the planters are going at least to try to raise a full crop.

The statement of the public debt which was made up at the close of the calendar year 1865, shows that, on Dec. 31, the net debt (after deducting cash in hand from the gross amount of securities afloat) was \$2,716,581,536, or \$1,948,222 more than it was on 30th November last. The internal revenue for the six months ending on 31st ult. was over \$175,000,000, and the customs revenue for the same period not less than \$83,000,000 (in gold)—together, \$258,000,000, or, allowing for premium on surplus gold sold, not less than \$275,000,000. Should the remaining six months of the year produce as much, the annual revenue would amount to \$550,000,000, which would not only enable the Department to dispense with new loans, but would place the Secretary in a position to reduce the principal of the debt by over \$100,000,000. As may be inferred from the small increase of debt during the month of December, the changes in the securities by which it is represented have been trivial. The old 5 per cent. coupon legal tenders have been reduced to about \$8,500,000 in all, and replaced by compound legal tenders; the debt certificates have been increased, and the old legal tenders slightly diminished. A reduction is reported in the temporary deposits. Sound policy would dictate the funding of these deposits as soon as convenient. So long as the Government is liable to be called upon to pay, at 10 days' notice, \$75,000,000 or \$100,000,000 in legal tender notes, the Secretary of the Treasury will be in the power of the moneyed institutions of the country, and will not be free to pursue a policy which they disapprove. No contraction or any other measure tending to embarrass the banking interest is feasible so long as the banks hold a call upon Government for an amount of currency greater than the whole balance in the Treasury.

Money continues to accumulate in our banks, and the standard rate for call loans on approved securities is now reduced to 6 per cent. On Government loans are made as low as 5 per cent. In consequence of the

reduced shipments of grain from the West and the large purchases of goods by Western merchants, that section is not drawing as much money as usual from the seaboard; and, unless a funding loan should be placed on the market, the rate of interest bids fair to fall at least as low as 5 per cent. It can hardly be expected, however, that Mr. McCulloch will allow the present opportunity to escape without funding at least fifty millions of the compound notes and temporary deposits. Five-twenty bonds are nearly 105 for the old issues, and the European consumption is so active that an export of fully a million a week may fairly be expected for some time to come. Money is very easy. These appear to be the conditions to which the Secretary made reference in his report, when he spoke of funding the currency from time to time whenever circumstances were auspicious for the negotiation of loans. Hence it has been commonly reported in the Street for some days past that a loan would be announced this week. At the Sub-Treasury the public are assured that the Department has no present intention of offering new bonds. But, on the other hand, it is asserted, on fair authority, that an understanding has been arrived at by the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Fessenden, of the Senate, and Mr. Hooper, of the House of Representatives, in pursuance of which a bill will shortly be put through Congress, empowering the Secretary of the Treasury to fund currency whenever he may deem it advisable; and, in the event of the passage of such a bill, there would seem to be no good reason for waiting for a more favorable opportunity than the present one to inaugurate the policy of contraction. If the Government cannot contract now, when money is a drug, when the national banks are issuing \$3,000,000 of paper per week, and 5-20 bonds at 5 per cent. premium are in active demand for export, it can hardly be able to do so hereafter. By counting the Clearing House certificates as legal tender, which they are in fact, the New York City banks now show a reserve of legal-tender paper equal to \$75,000,000—say 42 per cent. of their liabilities.

Gold fell last week, under the dread of coming contraction, to 141½, closing at about 141½. This is the heaviest fall we have had to chronicle for several weeks. It was in part due to the failure of a heavy bull operator in gold, who has figured extensively in the Gold Room during the past two years. Exchange was weaker last week, in consequence of the bills drawn against five-twenties and liberal cotton shipments. At the close of the Saturday mail, bankers' bills were sold at 109, and fair commercial bills at 108. Importers still cling to the theory that gold is going to fall heavily, and remit as little as they can.

The following table will show the course of prices during the week in the stock, exchange, gold, and money markets:

	Dec. 30.	Jan. 6.	Advance.	Decline.
United States Sixes of 1881.....	108½	104½ ex c.	¾
5-20 Bonds, old.....	105	104½	½
5-20 Bonds of 1865.....	102	102
10-40 Bonds.....	93½	93½	½
7-30 Notes, second series.....	97½	98½	¾
New York Central.....	96½	96	½
Erie Railway.....	97½	95½	½
Hudson River.....	109	108	1
Reading Railroad.....	106½	105½	1½
Michigan Southern.....	74½	73½	2½
Cleveland and Pittsburg.....	84½	82½	1½
Chicago and North-Western.....	35½	35½	½
" " Preferred.....	61½	60½	1½
Chicago and Rock Island.....	108½	107½	1½
P., Fort Wayne, and Chicago.....	106	100½	5½
Canton.....	45½	45	½
Cumberland.....	45	44½	½
Mariposa.....	14½	14½	½
American Gold.....	144½	141½	2½
Bankers' Bills on London.....	109½	109	½
Call Loans.....	6	6

The course of prices has been uniformly downward. This has been due in part to the decline in gold, with which stocks always sympathize more or less; in part to the natural reaction from an active speculation for the rise engineered by weak operators; in part to the dread of a tight money market to ensue from a new funding loan; and in part to the declining traffic on the railways. Of these various causes, the most potent has been the second. Allusion was made in recent articles in this journal to the "cornering" movements in Erie and Pittsburg, by means of which the price of both stocks had been forced far above the real value of the property, and the bears forced to submit to severe punishment. Of Erie nearly all the floating shares were bought up by one house, which was understood to be in close relations with the leading director of the road; by refusing to lend stock, and so compelling the bears to buy for delivery, this house forced up the price to 97, and held it between 95 and 97 for many days together. It is clear, however, that the stock of the Erie Railway, whose expenses absorb

80 per cent. of its gross earnings—according to the official report to the Legislature—is not worth 95, or 90, or any such figure. So of the Cleveland and Pittsburg. By buying up all the stock a clique managed to force up the price to 97, dividend on, or 93, dividend off. It needs no demonstration to show that a railway stock which only pays 4 per cent. dividend in a year is not worth so much. It is mainly to the natural recoil from the advance produced by these factitious influences that the decline of the past two weeks is due. In both instances the cliques discover that, at the high prices to which they have succeeded in forcing the stocks, the public are sellers, not buyers. In both, the bears, after enduring some punishment, relinquish the contest, leaving their antagonists masters of the field and owners of the stock. In both, after some delay, the bulls conclude to sell, and the consequence is a heavy and sudden decline. That decline has commenced in Pittsburg, which has fallen from 97 to 81½—15½ per cent.—in about a fortnight; it is yet to come in Erie. Among the other shares the heaviest decline is in Fort Wayne, which is quoted 5½ per cent. lower than it was a week ago. No specific cause is ascribed for this sudden falling off, though it is surmised that the change of direction in the Cleveland and Pittsburg may lead to a disturbance of the peaceable relations existing between the two lines. Michigan Southern is heavy, and has been pressed for sale at a decline of over 2 per cent. during the week. The directors met on Wednesday and determined to declare no January dividend. It is now a year since a dividend was paid on this stock, and as the earnings show a heavy falling off from last year, the prospect of anything being divided among the shareholders at midsummer is slim. Rock Island and Hudson are firm, being manipulated by cliques. New York Central has also been the subject of some manipulation; the price rose at one time last week to 98, and certain manoeuvres on Saturday rather indicate a renewal of the forcing process next week. Intrinsically, the stock is above its value. According to the official reports, it is earning about 5 per cent. So long as Government securities, paying 6 per cent. in gold or 7.30 in currency, can be bought at or near par, it cannot be expected that 4 or 6 per cent. railway stocks can be maintained at anything like the same figure.

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